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LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Hon. Mrs. Dewdney.

I am glad to give our readers a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the Minister of the Interior. Her pleasant kindly face is well-known in many circles, in far-off Ceylon, in England, in British Columbia and the Capital of our fair Dominion, Ottawa. An eventful and changeful life, indeed has been that of Mrs. Dewdney. Born in Ceylon she spent many years in her father's home. Her father, Stratton Moir, Esq., was a coffee-planter, and his daughter Jane naturally saw all that phase of Eastern-Indian life. At Colombo where the plantation was, was then the starting-point of a life full of a vivid interest and exciting scenes. There where the sun's hot rays were fiercest, where browned colonists and swarthy natives made Anglo-India a scene of activity and laziness combined, where people got very near the heart of things, in the blazing heat and were hardened into a certain way of living, or else lived and died rebellious. From Ceylon the young girl was like most other children of Eastern colonists sent "home" to England to be educated. There she passed the regulation boarding-school life in the home-like atmosphere of a girls' school. What a change from the sun-kissed land of Ceylon to the mists, and hedges, and violets, and blazing fires, and five o'clock teas of England! But more change was still to follow, a trip round the Cape of Good Hope, a visit to St Helena and then a long residence in British Columbia. Here on March 28, 1864, a marriage took place. Young Mr. Dewdney was married to Jane Shaw, eldest daughter of Stratton Moir, Esq., of Colombo, Ceylon. Mr. Dewdney, a civil engineer by profession, fou years later sat for Kootenay in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia. The Dewdneys then made their home in Victoria, that beautiful little city so like her beloved England that Mrs Dewdney looks back to her residence there with the most loving regrets. A year later and there was another change, and Mr. Dewdney took his seat in the House of Commons. There Mrs. Dewdney accompanied him, and it was during his session in the Commons, from 1872-1879, that Mr. Dewdney was appointed Indian Commissioner. With this further change came a most eventful and exciting period of their lives. The culminating point was reached when Mr. Dewdney was made Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territory. During this period, from December 3, 1881 to July 3, 1888, the great rebellion took place, and the painful anxiety and actual trouble that Mrs. Dewdney underwent during this time has left an abiding impression on her mind. To us all it is more than saddening to dwell upon this awful time, but to one who lived where the trouble was present, it is no wonder that as Mrs. Dewdney says, they were half crazed with harassing anxiety, afraid of they knew not what, knowing of actual starvation and unable to send help! Since that time the Dewdneys have resided permanently at Ottawa. Mr. Dewdney was sworn in the Privy Council, as Minister of the Interior and *ex-officio* Superintendent-General of Indian affairs.

Mrs. Dewdney has faithfully followed her husband's fortunes and affairs. She is a dear friend of Lady Macdonald's and laments greatly that lady's absence from the Capital. Mrs. Dewdney herself is exceedingly interesting to talk to. Her reminiscenses are full of attraction. She remembers Regina when it was composed solely and entirely of thirteen tents. Everybody lived in tents, the Dewdneys lived in a tent. They had the first house in the district, a portable cottage purchased and imported from Chicago. You can imagine what a sensation this created in the tented hamlet! It is indeed pleasant to spend an hour with Mrs Dewdney and hear personal information about all quarters of the globe.

The Dewdney's live on O'Connor street in Ottawa, and their pleasant home-like abode is well known to their friends in the Capital. The mistress of the house gives individuality to it and one feels that here there is true culture and true kindness and courtesy.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Somewhere in the 40's Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different theatres in London.

Those who went into ecstacies over Grisi's "Norma" were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them.

Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came.

The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin.

Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers, she stepped forward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her.

The fierce look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria.

Yours very sincerely
L. L. Dewdney

A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grisi's face.

Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends. Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from Heaven whispered to her "Sing one of your old songs in your native language."

She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise and took the vacant seat.

Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment.

The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that wierd, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long black lashes.

After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.

Mission of Vegetables.

Good health is one of the things which are necessary for our happiness in this world. By carefu attention to our diet many sicknesses may be averted. If the stomach is kept in healthful condition, the whole physical system will work harmoniously except under unusual circumstances. A little study about the properties of different kinds of food and particularly vegetables, will save us many doctor's bills and do away with the use of a good many drugs. Vegetables will be found to possess great medicinal properties, and many a sickness may be averted by using the proper food at the right time. Says an authority, spinach has a direct effect upon complaints of the kidneys; the common dandelion used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble, asparagus purifies the blood; celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia; tomatoes act upon the liver; beets and turnips are excellent appetizers; lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system; beans are a very nutritious and strengthening vegetable; while onions, garlics, leeks, chives and shalots, all of which are similar, possess medical virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs. We might go through the entire list and find each vegetable possessing its special misssion of cure, and it will be plain to every housekeeper that vegetable diet should be partly adopted, and will prove of great advantage to the health of the family.

Teeth Growing.

So many discoveries have been made during the past fifty years that people are beginning to cease being surprised at man claiming any fresh power over nature. According to a German journal, a Moscow dentist can grow teeth for us. If this enterprising gentleman would only grow painless teeth for us at the outset, and save us constant agonies from birth to death, he would not only prove a benefactor to the human race, but to his own pecuniary welfare. At present, however, he confines his attention to growing new teeth on the ruins of old ones, which are said to grow as firmly into the gums as natural ones. Even this advance in dentistry will be good news to those who have to wear false teeth, which insist upon falling into the lap of the proud owner just as she wishes to impress upon a rival how captivating her row of white pearls makes her.

MISS GIFFORD, the author of the "Marine Botanist," died a Minehead a few days ago. Her work was, and still remains, a standard text-book on the subject, and she was in communication with all the most distinguished students of sea-plants throughout the world.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE.

EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M. A.,

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

How Others See Us.

We clip the following from the *Empire* of March 19th:

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

The ladies of Canada are to be congratulated on having such a journal published in their interest as THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. The proprietors of this paper spare neither money nor energy in bringing their publication up to the highest standard, and it bids fair to rival some of the leading publications of New York and London. Their last effort has been to secure the services, at a great expense, of a fashion artist, who has been engaged in that work on one of the leading London fashion papers, and there is now, for the first time in Canada, a publication which will supply its readers with drawings and sketches of the latest fashionable styles actually taken from goods in the Canadian market. This journal is the only one in Canada publishing original fashion drawings, and the energy displayed by its proprietors in securing this advantage will be thoroughly appreciated by the subscribers to the paper, who already reach the large number of 16,000, and, considering the short time the paper has been established, offers a conclusive proof that it supplies a distinct want.

Our New Departure.

The proprietors of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY have for some time been in communication with an artist from London, England, who has been engaged on one of the leading Ladies' periodicals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in securing his services, and in each issue will be found two pages of drawings from his pen. A specialty of his work will consist of actual fashion sketches from Canadian goods and designs, and we shall be able to present to our lady readers drawings of fashionable goods which can be purchased in this country. This is the first and only publication in Canada, which has ever furnished its subscribers with original fashion work, giving designs of the latest novelties in millinery, mantles, dresses, etc., to be found in the leading drygoods establishments of Canada. We trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by our lady friends.

Boarding-School Life.

A girl leaves boarding-school after two or three years' residence, having learned much that is good, much that is bad, much that is false. She has probably learned to be obedient, punctual, of nice personal habits and exceptionally self-controlled. On the other hand, she knows far more of the seamy side of life than the carefully home-trained little girl will ever know. Further, she carries away with her false notions of the world at large, of society in its broader sense. She is versed in a thousand artifices and meannesses. In many cases she is a toady to the principal, to the governesses, to the more influential girls, to the housemaids who can secure for her an occasional favor. The system that induces this loss of independence, this pitiful repression, this downfall of honor leaves much to be desired. It would be a vicious system if there were not many and counteracting good influences at work. But there are. Compared with their rivals the high schools and academies there is not much to be said in favor of boarding-schools. The difference lies in the system and in the spirit as well. The boarding-school professes to give a complete education in art, literature, music, physical culture. The high school professes to prepare pupils for certain examinations and receive as good an education, between times, as is consistent with that object. So that at the outset the former is liberal and the latter narrow.

But by the irony of fate at graduation the results plainly shew that the training received at high schools has tended to liberality of views on things in general, the training given to the ordinary boarding-girl has forced upon her a narrowness that will regulate her standards until time shall cease, and boarding-schools shall be no more.

There is no use discussing the relative merits of the two systems. The only thing to be said is that of the two the thoroughness and accuracy and inspiring force of a good high school education will turn out fifty *scholars*—in the highest sense of the word—where even the first-rate boarding-schools turn out one. While on the other hand if a girl cannot get a decent training and refined habits and modest thoughts at home she had better go to the boarding-school. The home is the complement of the high school. There the girl fills out the blanks left by the imperfect school work. Book-lore she gets in plenty at school. Accomplishments and good-breeding she has to get—if not at home—in a boarding-school. That is the sum and substance of the whole matter. In some homes the girl need never go elsewhere to be the perfect woman. In others, by reason of early misfortune or other causes, the home influences are not of the most refining order, and the parents may rightly deem it wise to give their daughters other opportunities.

A very careful choice ought to be made. The character of the boarding-school life depends so much on the character of the lady principal. Her standard becomes the standard of the girl and by it she measures the world. Consequently in many cases the girl carries away with her false notions of the world at large. Fashionable society is fairly well-known to her. The principal is a faithful mirror of that portion of humanity. The girl looks at the world through the *pince-nez* of her preceptress, who has had her eyeglasses put astride her undiscrimminating nose by society itself. Society demands for the education of her daughters certain standards and she supplies them at so much a term, religion included. She is not to blame. She is merely a good tradesman keeping the supply equal to the demand. Where she is to blame—I am speaking only of some lady-principals—is in giving the girls under her charge a flimsy education, mentally, morally, physically. A competitive examination as to the fitness of ladies to hold such positions might do some good, but might leave all the boarding-schools of the country—headless.

Another possibility parents have to face when they send their children where there are other than home influences at work, is that they may come home disdaining the faith of their fathers, rejecting the church of their mothers. Many pitiful instances of conversion to other churches and of subsequent grief in the home circle will occur to all of you. Where the conversion is real and the decision made after anxious thought and for conscientious reasons there cannot be so much objection. But where a silly girl forsakes the faith in which she has been brought up, because of certain worldly advantages, there cannot be strong enough language used. This is a risk that parents take. There is another danger. Is it not possible that the home-life, dear as it was before, will now fail to satisfy? Nothing is more certain. Worse, that the ways of the home-people may be too homely? That the fashionable society has ruined forever a once humble-minded little girl? Will she look down upon her family? Will there be friction and unpleasantness? I trust not. But there is always a chance. All a mother's anxious love cannot forbid these dangers.

On the other hand, a girl ought to have a chance to shew what stuff she is made up. If she is made of poor stuff so much the worse. Boarding-school has done her harm, but such a girl will get harm anyway. If she is made of good stuff, she will bear close scrutiny and come out of the ordeal pure gold.

There is much good, as I said, at the outset in boarding-school life. The hours of study are not too long; there is often good wholesome food, there are plenty of good times and small excitements. Above all there are plenty of desirable companions for your daughter. But there is such need for wise choice of a school, of careful home-training beforehand, of strict watch over your daughter's mental and moral development, while she is away from you.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

THE editor has to confess that she still takes a childish delight in opening letters. It is a real joy to rip open the envelope—I never stop to cut it open neatly, too much of a hurry—and see what's inside. You would think that there would soon cease to be an excitement about getting at the contents of my letter-bag considering the weight and frequency of it. But the atmosphere will have to be particularly frigid on the day that I don't like to see letters on my desk. I think I must be a very nice editor, because I don't get many abusive letters. Nor do many people call on me when they have anything nasty to say. Well, as I was saying, I get a great many letters.

I receive a great many from clergymen. Not that I am in any more need of spiritual instruction than I have been in the past. But as you all know, or can imagine, the giving of a "Weekly Sermon," involves much correspondence on the part of the editor and the divines. This morning as usual brought its clerical batch and the first one I read gave me such comforting feeling that I was some use in the world. It was from a prominent Montreal clergyman, a Congregationalist and he says:

"Indeed, preaching on truthfulness, a Sunday or so ago I quoted (with due acknowledgment) from your article on the same subject calling for more courageous truthfulness among women. . . . I think your work is good, and by the aid of the publisher the preacher's work may be increased a hundred-fold."

The next was from a Toronto clergyman, once my examiner in logic. In a letter wherein I had asked a favor and stated audaciously, that he ought to do so much for me, seeing that my hair nearly turned grey trying to answer his examination questions, his answer chased all blueness out of the sanctum in double-quick time.

"As gray hair is fashionable, I feel that I have done you a life-long service, and placed you under an obligation to me. Did your conscience not smite you when you presented those words? Or are editors supposed to have none? And is all the logic gone, upon which I used to examine you? It was not that my questions turned my hair gray, it was your answers that made me old before my time." Then came an answer from Parkdale. A clergyman there had been asked for a sermon and portrait. He replied: "I think only clever men should have their sermons printed and only good-looking ones their photographs taken. I have not had one taken since I left college, but I have a whole album full of good-looking men I can give you to choose from."

Who says after these two latter, that clergymen have no sense of humor?

MANUSCRIPTS and authors' letters lie in a heap on the table. This is where the heart-breaking part of being an editor comes in, the returning of M. S. S. I have not got hardened to the business yet I suppose. I wish I would get hardened. I don't want to be made feel badly every time I have to return a manuscript. I don't like it at all. Some of the letters are so pitiful that I feel like a wretch of the deepest dye that I cannot publish and pay well for the author's efforts. But in some cases such would be cruel kindness. To publish a worthless production would do the author more harm than it would us. Such encouragement would be falsely given. The young author, inspired by seeing her story in print, rushes on to other as perhaps worse efforts. I feel that she will never make even a hack-writer. Even a severe reply at the outset is far far better than a series of unsuccessful attempts ending perhaps in final disappointment when the author has got past the age for starting out in some other path in life. So, you see, I should feel conscience-stricken if I yielded to my human instinct and tried to find a place for every one. But there ought to be some way of sparing my feelings and theirs. Can you tell me any way? Do you remember how the editors of the *Idler*, J. K. Jerome's and Robert Barr's new magazine started out? They have a little editorial to this effect:

"Oh, by-the-bye, if anybody gets his M.S.S. sent back from this magazine, he must understand that it is the sub-editor's doing. So far as Jerome and myself are concerned, we are always ready to take anything we can lay our hands upon. Indeed this has been the principle that has guided us from childhood. But our Sub. is a cold calculating villain without a spark of kindly feeling in him. As for his taste in literature it is simply beneath contempt. He invariably rejects the most brilliant stories and articles that are sent into the office; and passes on to us only that rubbish that his experience has told him the British public will care for. He knows the British public and that is why we have chosen him. We—the editors could never run a people's magazine by ourselves. We are too cultured. If we had our way we should fill this magazine with Elizabethian poetry and essays on Homer. Literature is poured in upon us that we ourselves would be delighted to publish. But that miserable sub of ours returns it with insincere compliments. It is no use our talking to him. Some strong and active literary lady or gentleman ought really to call him up and speak to him about it. He is generally in between eleven and two. He is a very poor fighter and all his friends live in the country. Don't make a mistake however, his is the back office."

But to get back to that letter-bag. Would you believe that the next ten letters I open one after another are business letters referring to purely business matters? As every reader of this paper knows such letters are *not* to be addressed to the editor. See the head-note at the top of this page. When I got to the tenth I just sat down on the floor and wept. Did I read them? Well I think not. I have nothing *nothing nothing* to do with the business part or the competition part of this paper. Why won't you see that? Oh dear! dear! The moment I see a word showing it is a business letter I don't read any further, but it is wretched to have read that far. Now be sensible, good people. What's the use of writing to me? I can't go and kill the publishers for you. They are all big men. Neither can I go playing hide-and-seek around the mailing lists. The shipping-clerk is cross and I am afraid of him. Neither do I know the first thing about prize competitions. I am a perfect ignoramus on anything of that sort and the people that manage that affair around the office won't even let me inside the door lest I should make off with the jewelry. So I cannot help you there. You won't do it any more will you?

Last of all in this batch I received a very saucy letter from an individual calling himself a gentleman. He writes: "I read your editorials with great pleasure and—I hope—profit, especially that on the Genesse Miller system of dressing. I am a most devoted disciple, tho' as yet have not donned the dress in public. As there is a fancy dress carnival here," (he writes from a small place of no importance on the map) "on Saturday, I think that will be a very good opportuuity to set the good example. I may say that for a good many years past I have done without those two articles of dress specially mentioned, and find no disadvantage from their absence, in fact, recommend all others to do likewise."

Madge Robertson

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S new play is not half Oscar Wildeish enough. An ordinary, conventional, drawing-room piece, unpleasing in its situations and absurd in its deductions, 'Lady Windermere's Fan' cannot be saved from failure by any amount of piquant dialogue. The truth is, when Mr. Wilde tries to be wise, he is silly; it is only when he is deliberately silly that he is wise. He made his mark as a fool—being a clever man. He reminds us of Garrick:—

> On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting—
> 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.

The inventer of the lily and the teapot ought not to appear save on his own particular stage, and if it is worn out, he had better make his bow, for he has not yet found another to suit his style.

The Idler goes on well. The second number is quite as good as the first.

THE London *Chronicle* says that M. Guy de Maupassant is much improved in health. He writes for about an hour daily. The physicians who are attending him are hopeful that he will be able to take a sea trip in the spring, and that it will have a good effect on his mind.

JOAQUIN MILLER, according to trustworthy information from San Diego, has renounced the world and sought a lodge in the mountains back of the city, where he will not be disturbed. He swore before he left town for his mountain retreat that he did not want to see any of the human kind again. He arrived in San Diego recently in deep depression. He told his friends that he felt deeply disgraced by the shame of his son's sentence to three years in San Quentia for stage robbery.

A MR. WATT, a literary agent, arranges for the publication of Mr. Haggard's stories, and their author never even reads a review of them. 'Time is likely to be a better judge than either author or critics, all of whose individual opinions are, therefore, somewhat superfluous.' As to his manner of work, nothing could be more methodical than Mr. Haggard is.

A FEATURE of *The Strand* is its "illustrated interviews." A representative of the magazine visits the "subject," and takes a photogapher with him—unless the "subject" is already prepared with the necessary materials. Mr. Rider Haggard is the "subject" in the current number of the magazine, and twenty-three photographs illustrate his place of residence and manner of life. They are interesting pictures, and show the inventor of "She" to be a man of comfortable means. The interviewer was evidently mpressed by all he saw, and found it no easy matter to realize that he who wanders about a compact little farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and inquires of the bailiff as he critically looks into a pig-pen—'Which of these pigs are you going to kill?,'—or picks out a turkey with a view to its appearance on the Christmas dinner-table, is the author of 'King Solomon's Mines,' etc. Still less could he realize this astonishing fact when the writer of all these stories came into the drawing-room after dinner and played 'Proverbs' and 'munched' great Ribston pipins, picked from the tree only an hour ago.'

MR. HAGGARD'S HOUSE is a veritable 'curiosity-shop,' and the interviewer tells us that one of the most striking things to be seen there is 'a gold band thousands of years old, with hieroglyphics engraved upon it signifying "Haggard" (as an Egyptian might have written it) "the Scribe makes an offering to the God of Dawn."' Mr. Haggard conversed freely with his guest on the subject of novel writing, and expressed the desire to some day 'undertake an orthodox novel by way of a change.' Still speaking of his own writings, he claimed to have created every character in his novels, and considered 'six months a fair time to complete an important work.' In this Mr. Haggard is not like his fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who was thirteen years writing one novel and four years writing another.

HE usually writes some three or four thousand words a day, sitting down at a great oaken writing-table (with a liberal supply of foolscap paper) about half-past four, working on till dinner-time, and again resuming the thread of his story at night for an hour or two. In the morning the farm and his correspondence claim him. His favorite work, and the one he considers his best, is 'Eric Brighteyes.' 'She' comes next. Amongst his own characters his love leans toward 'Beatrice.'

I DOUBT that there is an editor in America who is more beloved by his staff than Mr. George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. One of his associates said not long ago:—"It is little less than paradise to be in Mr. Child's employ. He is the kindest and most generous of men. He not only pays every one about him well, but he pensions every man when he reaches a certain age." He takes an honest pride in the fact that every man in his employ, from editor to porter, own his own house. Apropos of the pensioning, it is told that his cashier came to Mr. Childs one day and said:—'Mr. ——, whom you are paying a pension to, is a rich man. He is worth at least $200,000. Shall I stop his pension?' 'For what reason?' asked Mr. Childs. 'Should a man be punished because he has been thrifty and saved his money?' So the pension was continued, and when the man died it was found hat he had left, not $200,000, but $500,000.

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC cables to the *Times*:—"Prof. Blackie, that astonishing octogenarian, has an article in one of the magazines this week with a lot of odd reminiscences of distinguished people. Of course he includes Carlyle. Nobody writes now about anything he remembers without bringing in Carlyle. One of Blackie's stories is characteristic of both men. One Sunday evening Blackie was calling at Chelsea. Carlyle talked on for hours, refusing to allow others to get in a word edgewise. Mrs. Carlyle had something she especially wanted to say, and was almost tearful because she found no chance. Blackie at last went over and grabbed Carlyle by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, crying:—'Let your wife speak, you monster!' But Carlyle wouldn't all the same."

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

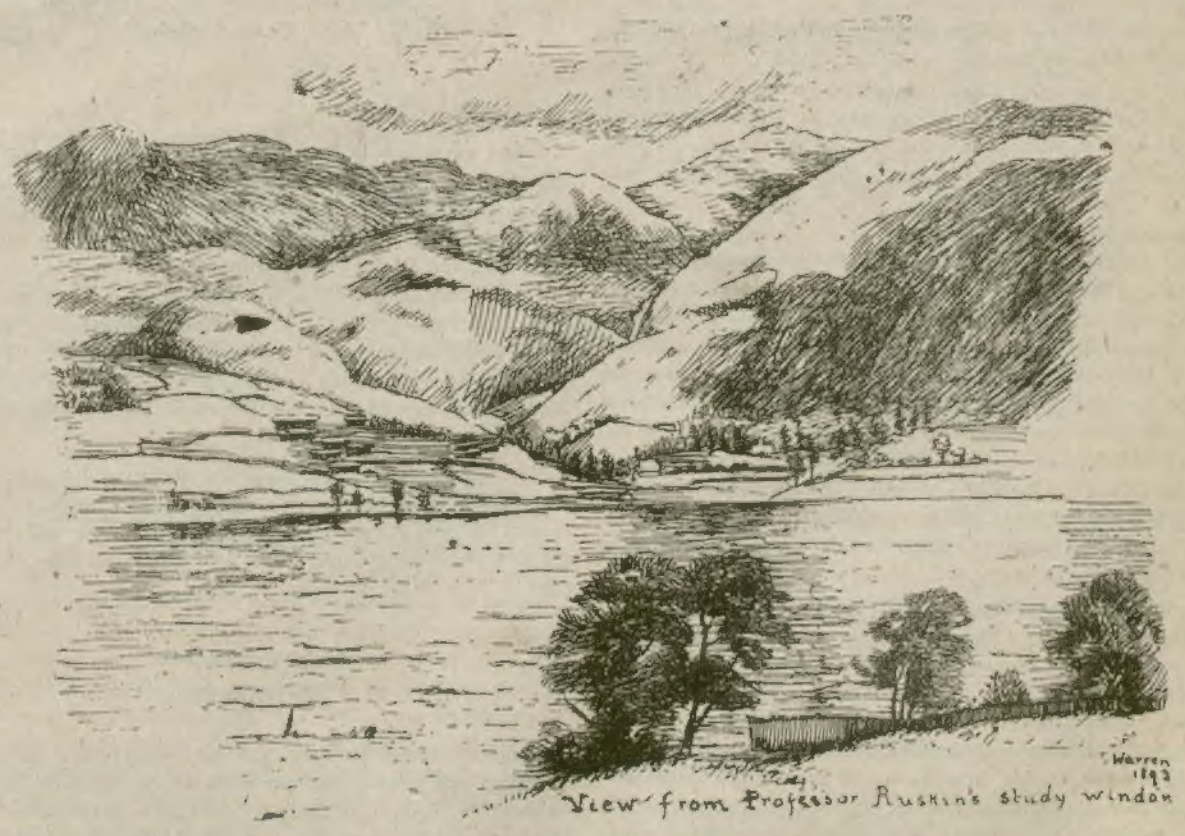
LONDON, March 26 1891.

Prof. Ruskin's Home.

Coniston Lake is one of the most peaceful of our English lakes. Being small and not so easily approached as the others, it is therefore free from tourists. Nevertheless in the summer "Birmingham trippers," as the mill hands who come by the cheap trains are called, do find their way here, with their invariable accompaniments of oranges, babies, scraps of paper, and bottles, much to Professor Ruskin's annoyance, for here the great art critic's home is situated. Brantwood as it is called, (on account of a great number of trees and goose bushes having to be burnt before the house could be built) is in a beautiful position opposite one of the finest views that can be obtained in the neighborhood. It was bought by the elder Ruskin and given as a present to his son. From the house meadows slope down to the water's edge, and across the lake may be seen the peak of the Old Man sharply cut against the sky, whilst the ever changing clouds cast their purple shadows on his sunlit sides.

The study itself, the Professor's especial domicile, looks out over the lake on as he himself says "One of the prettiest views in England." The wall is covered with pictures, and in mahogany cases are also many valuable water-colour drawings, Turners, Prouts, quaint little figure drawings of Kate Greenaway's and many others. Mr. Ruskin's collection of minerals is also one of the most valuable private collections in England. I remember his telling me the great delight he felt at his own discovery of his first mineral, a piece of iron pyrites "greater indeed than that of all after acquisitions, my dear," said he. The drawing-room, next to the study is also richly supplied with pictures, indeed every available space is covered with them. Here in the evenings Mr. Ruskin plays at Chess with friends who may be staying with him, or at the game of reversi. The turret window in the sketch (which is a view only of the front and older part of the house), is that of the Professor's bedroom, from whence can be obtained beautiful views of the peak of the Old Man at sunrise, his especial delight. On fine mornings, he would wake every one in the house about 4 o'clock and say "Get up quickly and come and look at the sunrise, it is entirely beautiful." Here also Turner drawings abound. The Professor is an early riser and often up at work three hours before his guests are down, and sometimes reading aloud a little of what he has been writing, at the breakfast table. Towards my visit's end, the Professor took me for a last walk to Naboth, a little hill on the moors, just above the house, from the summit of which, you can see along the whole five miles length of the lake. It was now purple with heather greatly to the Professor's delight. We wound our way down, through the wood, past the tennis lawn, which the Professor helped to make himself, working just as hard as anyone to reduce the stony and wooded hillside, to a smooth platform. Now it is deliciously green and soft, and by his wish the courts are marked out by daisies, their little white flowers forming a very quaint and pretty border. Now through the Professor's own garden, a sweet little spot, to enter which you go over a rustic bridge across a tiny gushing mountain stream. Here grow all his old fashioned favorite garden and wild flowers also, of which he is so fond that he will not allow a daisy to be cut on the lawn. But we must pay a last visit to the flower garden on the hill side, arranged very beautifully, so that when resting on the rustic seat at the top, you look through a vista of bright colored poppies and other flowers, and towards the peaceful purple hills beyond. We rested some time whilst the Professor pointed out, and bade me watch, many cloud forms, showing the entire rightness of Turner. Now but a few minutes' walk through the woods brings us to the Fairfield seat, so called because from here, Fairfield, Raven and Yewdale crag may be seen, with Helvellyn looking blue and hazy in the distance. A winding path brings us down again by the side of the house. All these wood paths have been executed by the Professor's orders, he himself often assisting, according to his idea of everyone doing some hard labor. The children at the parish school of Coniston also interest him greatly. He has made them a present of a set of hand bells. It is very pretty to hear the children playing tunes with them, they keep very good time and look so interested and eager about it. It may perhaps interest some to hear that the old family coach in which some years ago Mr. Ruskin travelled from London to Coniston is still preserved at the principal village inn.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.



A Sad Case.

A SAD CASE.—Mamma: "What's the matter, darling? What are you crying for? You'll never get well if you go on like this." Child: "That nasty, horrid d-doctor—c-called me a 'case'! Boo-hoo!"

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Cradle Song.

By W. Blake.

Sleep,sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night,
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Bride's Sacrifice.

"HELEN dear," said Mrs. Rainford to her daughter, as they two got together in the cheerful little room, which was library, sitting room, and sewing room combined. "Did you send word to M's about having your invitations printed. It is time they were out now."

"No mamma," was the reply as the daughter lifted a somewhat embarrassed face to her mother's worried one. "I was thinking that I could write them myself, you know I write nicely, and that would save the expense of printing."

"Nonsense" was the impatient reply, "what will the printing of a few cards amount to? Besides, if you haven't money enough to get all you want, your father must give you more. I shall not have it said that my daughter was not married decently. If you were marrying a poor man it would be a different thing, but I am not going to have those wealthy McAllisters turning up their noses at us, as if we didn't know anything."

Helen's answer was a merry laugh, as she said. "They couldn't possibly turn them up any higher than they are now mamma, but nature was the cause of that not us, and I wouldn't worry papa for more money for all the turned up noses in the world. I am afraid he has been too generous as it is, now that times are so hard. However, it is because I want the money for another purpose, that I do not wish to spend it in having the invitations printed."

"But it all amounts to the same thing child. If you are saving that money to buy gloves and handkerchiefs, it shows that you haven't enough and your father must get you more somehow." Mrs. Rainsford had implicit trust in her husband's ability to get money somehow. She never noticed, as did her daughter, how her constant demands for money worried her husband and made him look more careworn every day,

"Mamma," said the girl coaxingly, "you know you promised that I might have my wedding exactly as I liked."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I supposed you would have pride enough to have it done up in proper style, but if you are going to be so foolish, as to write your invitations just for the sake of saving a few dollars, there is no telling what folly you will take in your head next. Do without a wedding dress, I suppose. You never were like any other girl."

"That is just exactly what I mean to do mamma," replied the girl ignoring the last part of her mother's speech, "that is," she added hastily, seeing the look of dismay on her face, "if you don't mind too much."

"Oh I don't mind, certainly not, do as you please, you never did have any consideration for my feelings," said her mother, with tears of mortification in her eyes, as she picked up some sewing and began stitching nervously. Poor lady, she had set her heart on having her only daughter married "in style," as she called it, and it was hard to have her plans, as she considered, wantonly thwarted. That her daughter had any other reason than that of mere caprice she never for a moment supposed.

"Mamma dear," said the girl gently, standing beside her mother and stroking her hair. "Believe me it is no light reason which makes me give up the finery so dear to every girl's heart. I can't tell you just now for it would only worry you, but in a very few weeks you shall know. I have spoken to Hector about my not having a wedding dress, and he said he wouldn't mind if I were dressed in my wrapper, so long as he got me. However I shall not put his love to such a test as that, but what I do mean to do, is to be married in my traveling dress, a great many of the most aristocratic people do that now you know, Then I have that elegant reception dress, which I got a month ago, and have never worn, and I have a lovely rose-colored tea-gown, and what more does any girl want. If we were not going to travel for six months or more it would be different, but we shall never be stopping more than a few days in one place, and a lot of clothes would only be a nuisance, besides they get old fashioned so soon."

"Young people have different ideas now to what they had when I was young," interrupted the mother with a sigh, but the girl anxious to have the ordeal over, went on quickly.

"We will be married in the morning, instead of in the evening as we had planned, and we will have nobody here except Hector's father and mother, and sisters, and we will just have some coffee and light refreshments handed around, instead of a great heavy wedding breakfast, which nobody wants, and an expensive bride's cake, which is a piece of nonsense, at best, and like a white satin dress, suitable only for those who have no better use for their money. It is not the dress only, but it is the veil, and slippers and flowers, and gloves, for ourself and bridesmaids, and having the house decorated with flowers, and twenty other things which one does not think of, until they are wanted. We shall do away with all these superfluities, like sensible people that we are, and perhaps encourage some others in similar circumstances to do the same. After all mother dear, "she added, putting her arms caressingly around her neck. I am marrying the man I love, you and father are perfectly suited with him, and he is everything I could desire, and what more can we want to make us happy."

"I suppose it's all right," said the mother, still very much dissatisfied, "but people will talk so, and I didn't know what your father will say."

"Oh, I will manage him, never fear," replied the daughter gaily, rejoiced at having gained her point, but wisely leaving the room to avoid further discussion.

The wedding morning dawned bright and clear, and the wedding passed off beautifully. Old Mr. McAllister said he was glad his son had chosen a girl with so much sense, he never could see what people wanted with so much foolery at weddings. Hector's sisters although at first disposed to elevate their aristocratic noses even more than nature had intended, were compelled to admit that

Yours Very truly
Marguerite Evans

"Helen was a dear little thing, and looked as she was, a perfect lady." And Helen's mother, a stately old lady, as she kissed her only son's wife, said with tears in her eyes, "God bless you dear, I know you have been a good daughter, and that you will make a good wife, and I hope Hector will make you happy as you deserve to be. I am glad and proud to welcome you into our family."

As Helen said good-bye to her father, before leaving her childhood's home she slipped an envelope into his hand. Opening it after the guests were gone he discovered the check for five hundred dollars which he had given her to provide her wedding outfit, and a note addressed to himself which read:

Dear Papa:—I give you back the check, which after all I did not really need, because, a few days after receiving it, I accidently learned that you are greatly embarrassed for money and that unless the interest on the mortgage was paid our home would be sold at once. Your loving daughter,

Helen.

"Marguerite."

Marguerite Evans was born, and has always lived at Georgetown, Ontario. She received her education, first at the public, and afterwards at the high school there, graduating from the latter in 1888. Her first published as well as first offered work was an essay entitled "For a' that, and a' that," which appeared in the "Dillettante Magazine" Detroit, 1889. Then followed contributions consisting of short articles and stories to the "Georgetown Herald," contributions to "Woman's World," Toronto Globe, North-west sketches to the same and to the "Detroit Free Press." Short articles and stories to "Winnipeg Free Press." Humorous articles to "Grip." Short, original jokes to "People's Journal," Scotland. Short articles and essays to "New York Independent," and short stories to the "Belford Magazine," New York. Principal short stories published are, "Auf Weidersehn," "The Lost Child," "Tit for Tat," "The Romance of an Advertisement," "A Child's Broken Heart," "Helen, a Summer's Idyl," "Murder Will Out," etc., also a number of short stories for children, "A Little Heroine," "A Brave Boy," "The Robber, etc.

Sex Among Diamonds

In the big show window of a jewelry store rested a small tray that gathered a crowd of curious spectators to the window. Every time the sunlight played on the plate glass the tray coruscated with prismatic hues of dazzling brilliancy. The tray is well known to the trade. It is designed to display the remarkable variations of the color of large African mine diamonds, and contains examples of all the colors known. It possesses great interest for novices in gems, and the jeweler is called upon half a dozen times a day to explain the beauties of the specimens.

"It took a long time to get this collection together," the jeweler said, "and it is the only one in the town of the kind thus arranged. You see here the brown diamond. the absinthe, the canary or yellow, the gem, the pink, the rose and the coffee and the green diamond. The effect of these combinations in the sunlight is entrancing. Each predominant hue seems to impart a distinct luster to the prismatic scintillations. When the tray is swung to and fro in the sunbeams, it gives forth, as you see, a perfect blaze of rainbow colors. These gems also illustrate different cuttings of the diamonds. Were they all set in a bracelet, or a brooch, or a necklace, they would make a rarely beautiful trinket, but it would cost a heap of money."

The jeweler picked out one sparkler with a pair of diamond tweezers and held it forward in the show window.

"This is a Brazilian gem," he said, "like which there is only one other in the world, in Paris, and the French one is not as pure or as large as this. This is what is called a black diamond, and is valued at $2,500. It weighs a trifle less than four carats. Its beauty lies in the fact that it changes its color in different lights. In this strong sunlight you see it is almost black. It gives forth a prismatic radiance greater than that emitted by the best of the black gems. In gaslight, you observe, the black hue becomes a rich golden brown, and the play of colors is changed too. Diamonds of this sort are regarded by the superstitious miners as 'gold stones,' that is, gems possessing a power of imparting good luck to the owner in the search for hidden gold. This stone was secured in Paris, whither it was brought in rough for cutting by a Rio Janeiro merchant.

"Here," continued the jeweler, "is another curiosity." He picked up a three carat white stone with the tweezers. "It is a specimen that will prove to you that there is a difference of sex in gems. This is what is called the female, a multiplying diamond."

He held the gem under a strong magnifying glass and pointed to four or five smaller diamonds clustered about one of the facets at the edge of the table of the stone. "The male gem," the jeweler "is sharp pointed and never gather these embryo gems. There is a fine specimen alongside that pink stone. It surprises most people who see those specimens to be told that they are of different sex as well as color, but such is the fact."

Keep Your Tempers.

One of the prettiest girls of Zacatecas, belonging to one of the best families in the State, has just been admitted to the insane asylum in that city, a hopeless maniac. Born the daughter of wealthy parents, an only child, she was indulged in everything, and, in consequence, her naturally sweet disposition was throughly spoiled, and whenever an attempt was made to cross her wishes she had the most frightful outbursts of temper which always ended in all around her yielding and allowing her to carry her point. On March 4th, of the present year she was married to a wealthy young haciendada whose extensive place is situated near Zacatecas. The wedding was a grand affair, and the young couple started life together with all the brightest possible prospects. Soon after their marriage, however, there arose slight disputes between husband and wife, which ended, as had been the case all through the girl's life, in the girl's favor, the husband, a high spirited man, yielding invariably before her awful fits of violence. This finally, however, became unendurable to the young married man and he determined to break his wife's frightful temper and assert his manhood trusting that they would live more happily together in the end.

So upon the next occasion when there arose a difference of opinion on some trifling matter he remained firm, and utterly refused to yield his point. His wife stormed and flew into a perfect storm of passion, but he remained unmoved, and finally, when the exhibition of temper was assuming a phase where the young woman commenced breaking the breakfast dishes—they were at their morning meal when the trouble arose—in the impotency of her wrath, he clutched her tightly by the arm, and, in a rough tone, insisted that she should quiet down. She gave him one awful look; then with a wild shriek she tore herself from his grip, and, moving away a few steps, fell to the ground foaming at the mouth. Medical aid was at once summoned, but for hours she lay unconscious, occasionally struggling violently, and then relapsing into quietness again. After a while she opened her eyes, took a long look around the people gathered about her bed, and with a blood-curdling shriek sprang from the bed, and before anyone could prevent her, was out of the house and racing madly over the fields. All present gave chase, and after a long and exhausting run the mad woman was overtaken by her husband and held fast until assistance arrived. The best medical aid procurable was obtained for her, but her reason remained in darkness and the physicians predict there is no hope for recovery.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Till He Come.

"All the time until He come." 1. Cor. i. 26.

An expression which finds a strict parallel in these words with which the nobleman in the parable left his servants as he went forth to a far country to receive a kingdom and to return "occupy (or trade ye) until I come"; enjining a patient earnest activity which does not spend its strength on fools' errands, in beating the air, or in finding no end in wandering mazes lost, but which has a present practical purpose and a definite ending. Trade with your talents, be they what they may, for the Master has need thereof and will return; "do good and communicate," proclaim the glad tidings of cross, for He is not dead but living, the kingdoms of this world are yet to become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ and He shall reign for ever and ever, "His kingdom is righteousness and joy and peace."

That we may be strengthened in thus proclaiming the Lord's death till He come, our thoughts shall be directed to some of the aspects of His coming in their relations to ourselves. Where opinions differ it seems almost impossible to avoid controversy, yet there is no comfort in controversy, it makes cruelly keen the intellect, makes partizans, and paralyzes all the affections of the heart. Our endeavor therefore will be to present some New Testament teachings in their practical or rather, their experimental bearing upon our life, allowing differences to settle themselves. In so doing let this proposition be stated:—

I. The character of the coming one will determine the character or the spirit of the coming. The thunder-bolt comes with sudden terror, and smites with terrible might; very different, though sudden, is the return of a friend. True, there are those to whom the manifestation of the Brighter one will be as a terror; bats flee the light, and evil deeds seek darkness, but for those who proclaim His death, the coming Saviour is a joy and strength. "I came that they might have life," are the words that declare the brightness of His presence, and the joy his coming imparts. The coming of the Savior is the coming of a friend, the imparting of love with all its fruits, the putting to flight of all night shadows, the bringing to an end of sin, and the ushering in of an everlasting righteousness. This fact that Jesus is the light and the life of man, and is coming is not, nor is it designed to be, a cause either of discord or of dread, but of joyful preparation and a gladly certain hope. May it be such to each of us, not a dogma which make the Pharisee, but a life that makes the Christian.

II. The character of the coming one should determine the character to be manifested on the part of those who occupy, shew forth or wait "till He come." There are some of us, I doubt not, have felt, perchance, even now are feeling, the life weariness of our sojourning and toiling here; the longing of the storm-tossed mariner for home, who are ready with the dream of sunny isles and syren song to say:

"We have had enough of action, and of motion we
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, where the surge was seething free—
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind, wave and oar!"

Thus felt the wind and storm exulting prophet who had called down drought and famine on apostate Israel, and after the terrible execution of Baal's prophets at Carmel fled before the Tyrian Queen's threat to a cave in the wilderness. There came to him there a voice, "What dost thou here Elijah. Go forth and stand upon the mount." In like manner "till He come," calls upon us each to use his talent or talents, to find no cave rest or gloom, but in the very brunt of the storm to stand upon the mount before God, to keep our vineyard, prune and train the vine; to watch and pray lest the temptation to sleep or to be idle overtake us to our ruin. And here let us dwell for a little upon a simple but important truth. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven. Love to God and to Christ only becomes real by the doing of His will. I am not concerned with enquiring whether the sentiment or the action has priority, but "as the body apart from the spirit is dead, even so faith apart from works is dead.' There is no showing forth of the Lord's death all the time until He come without the life of humble faith and of living deeds. This is the difference between cant and testimony. Cant talks and does not, "oh, brave Talkative!" testimony shines from the life, let lips speak or be in silence. The true waiter for his Lord's coming is ever doing the Master's will even as his great exemplar, who went about *doing good*, and found his meat and drink therein. You remember Milton's stately lines:

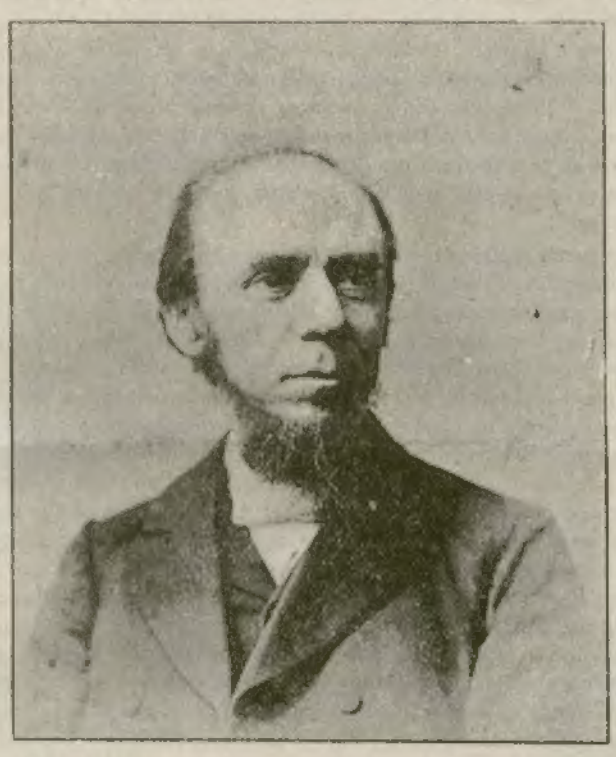
"Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

only their waiting is constant readiness to speed like their fellows at His bidding.

III. There are various manifestations of the coming Saviour. That the early church daily, hourly expected a coming—the great and dreadful day of the Lord—is manifest. Equally manifest the fact that the last decade of nineteen centuries is passing as others have passed, watching wearily the clouds of heaven for Him. Did they wrongly intrepret the sign of His coming? or do we mistake their reading of the same? Little matter if we but for ourselves and our children read carefully, truthfully, trustingly, that the word of of his salvation saith, Let us endeavor.

1. There can be no doubt but that in large measure, if not entirely, the coming of Matthew xxiv was fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem and the consummation of the Jewish age; and that the desolate ruins on the plain shadowed by the Imolous mount, watered by the Pactoles river, are marks of that coming in which the church that had but a name to live was judged, the candlestick removed, and Sardis numbered with the things that had been, and now are not. Led by such teaching the observant christian can discern his Lord's coming in the straitness felt as commercial dishonesty abounds; in the struggle and unrest accompanying political unrighteousnes; in the social disasters which mark with ruin the path of those who will hasten to be rich; in the mourning an absent Lord on the part of those who pervert the ways of Zion by divisions and all uncharitableness; as weil as in the revolutions which convulse a people and urge the lessons of righteousness by the judgments that are abroad in the earth.

2. But nearer to our present purpose, though not a whit less true, are those comings to which our Lord refers when to his disciples he said "I come again and receive you unto myself." Of all that band to whom those words were first spoken not one remains on this side the dark cloud that divides the seen and temporal from the eternal and the unseen. To them that coming has been; not indeed as the world would have marked it out, nor as the imperfectly educated disciples when they impatiently asked of their risen Lord: "Dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel!" but real nevertheless. Look at the first martyr. Nothing can exceed in bitterness a mob infuriated by religious hate. In the midst of such a mob Stephen looked steadfastly into heaven, and saw amid the Glory of God, Jesus; and when bruised, mangled he cried: "Receive my spirit" did not the Lord Jesus in that martyrdom come and receive His servant to Himself? telling us most plainly that life's most bitter experiences cannot keep the Saviour away, that nothing "shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Nor do the storm clouds always herald His coming. "Part remain until now; some are fallen asleep," are Paul's simple words distinguishing the living



from the dead. "He was not, for God took him," is the word of his departure who in antediluvian days "walked with God." Thus comes the Saviour for those who fall asleep in Him. "Even so come Lord Jesus" has been and is the breathing of many trustful, loving hearts that wait for Him, showing forth Hir death till he come.

3 "I stand at the door and knock" says He who waiteth patiently to be gracious that he may "come in to such as will receive Him and sup with them and they with Him." Ah! how patiently at the noontide hour, in the midnight dream. Thus seeking His own comes the patient loving Saviour.

"And still He comes, from place to place His holy footprints we can trace
Ye tempted ones there's refuge nigh: Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4. There remaineth still another coming, *parousia*, the consumation of all the rest, when every night shadow shall have passed and the light shine clear of an endless day. In this will be fulfilled all the promises and the comings of which the gospel words are full. Even as all the varied lights and shadows of the dawn melt at last into the glorious day. The watchman impatiently watching for the morning with gaze towards the east sees the first gray on the distant horizon, and cries Lo the dawn! The watcher in the lonely chamber has not seen that harbinger, but bye-and-by a little cloud appears edged with light, only then to her "the morning breaks." And now, though the valley still rests in gloom, the hill top flashes with rosy gleam, another voice cries exultant, Behold the day! At length the sun comes out of his chambers rejoicingly to run his race, the landscape beams in brightness, the day has come and all walk in its light. Thus the Saviour is ever coming, until His last coming which crowns all with glory. Jesus comes to the Church as in Pentecostal days by His spirit, to the suffering ones in martyr visions, in every manifestation of His redeeming power, all of which and more are but the dawning tokens of that coming day when the kingdom shall be established which knows no end, and the reign of righteousness made manifest, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God." Even so Lord Jesus come quickly!

We proclaim His death all the time till He come. Lift up His cross as the one thing sure and firm where uncertainty reigns and things are constantly being changed; occupy with our talents that we may render our account with acceptance, watch and pray, and press on till He shall come, the King in His beauty bringing in the golden age, which lies onward, not backward as a regret, not as a Grecian fable a memory of the past: but a hope of the future, a goal to which we are surely hastening, a victory to crown earth's direst struggle; therefore stablish your heart for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

"Till He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think, how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come!"

Clouds and darkness round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

The Rev. John Burton, M.A. B.D.

The Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., is a native of England, where he spent his boyhood and received an English education. In 1850 he came to Canada, accompanied by his brother, who is a wholesale merchant in Toronto, and settled in Brockville. While in that city, he was induced to study for the ministry, and with that end in view took an arts course in McGill College, Montreal, and a theological course in Knox college, Toronto. While at McGill in 1860, he won the prize for a poem on the occasion of the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Four years later, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Brockville, and successively held charges in Lynn, Prescott and Belleville. In 1877, he was elected by the Presbyterian General Assembly a delegate to the first Pan-Presbyterian Council which met in Edinburgh that year. Two years afterwards, Mr. Burton accepted a call to the Northern Congregational Church of this city, of which he is still the earnest and hard-working pastor. He has been chairman of the Congregational Union, and president of the Toronto Ministerial Association. While connected with the former body, Mr. Burton attended, as a delegate, the Jubilee of the Congregational Union of England, which met in Manchester in 1882, taking an active part therein.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th,	1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd,	1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.

The Trials of Nancy Lee

"The Wandering Jew was a stay-at-home compared with a naval woman," groaned a New York mother, the other day. "Four years ago my daughter became one by marrying a lieutenant in the navy, and since that time I never know where in the habitable globe to expect she will be next. Last year, while her husband went to Africa with the eclipse expedition, she and her dear little three-year-old, who calls her father 'that man,' because she sees him so seldom, stayed with me; to-day they are in California, looking towards Japan, with a chance of coming back to New York next month to sail for the Mediterranean squadron. Two years ago last Thanksgiving, Lieutenant M——, having been home from South America just one week, we had arranged for a gay dinner for my daughter's husband and his friends. Everything went beautifully till about six o'clock. Dinner was set for eight, when the lientenant, who had been out since luncheon, returned with a long face. His ship, which was at Fortress Munroe, had been ordered to Samoa, his leave was recalled, and before dinner was served he was miles on the road to report for duty, and my daughter spent that winter in California, to be in more direct communication with him. Now, isn't that sort of thing enough to shatter a woman's nerves? But she doesn't seem to mind it in the least. I try to commiserate with her occasionally, and she says she knew what to expect when she married, and to her there is something invigorating to be on the verge of starting for anywhere at any moment. She may like it, but I do not. If I had her to chaperon over again, I shouldn't let her speak to a man in the navy. Her husband is one of the best men I ever knew and a charming companion, but that makes it the harder to have him three thousand miles away. I think," she finished, emphatically, "naval officers should marry in naval circles."

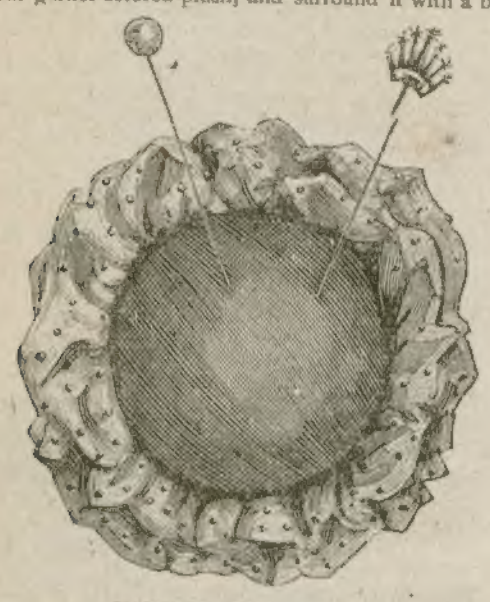
Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Hanging Pin-cushion.

Cut the circular centre in coarse linen, and fill it well with bran, cover with garnet-colored plush, and surround it with a bouilonne



HANGING PIN-CUSHION.

of cream spotted gauze. Face the back with cardboard and add a ring to suspend it to the wall.

Shield What-Not.

The hanging escutcheon is divided into four sections, two of which are covered with striped silk, ornamented with removable shelves, displaying antique blue plush like two other squares, on which glitter stars and chevron in gold galon. Crown on the top to match. The back is lined with stout cardboard, glued to the wood, and lined with maize-colored silk.

Novel Hassock.

Square cushion covered with Louis XVI silk, surrounded with four vandykes in old red corduroy velvet, and bordered with a narrow fringe in red and green chenille.

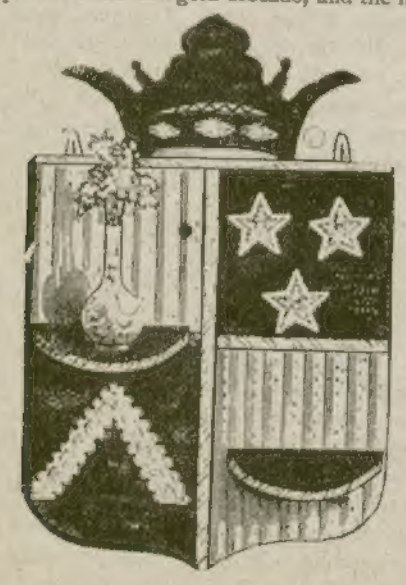
Trinket Box.

The foundation, of either thin wood or stout cardboard, is lined with pale pink silk, and separated into divisions; the outside displays green silk damask, whilst a square of figured or embroidered silk is inserted in the centre of each lid. These are divided with a handle in gold or multi-color galon.

Fancy Work.

Among the many useful and necessary articles of household furnishing, the screen plays a most important part. It is not necessary to dilate on this point for but few persons have not, at some time, felt the need of one of these most useful articles, especially if in the economy of living, one room must serve for many purposes.

Small, single or three-fold, screens are considered the most fashionable, but they cannot claim the charm of novelty. Of the Japanese, the prettiest ones for drawing room use have white or colored satin panels lightly embroidered with colored silks, the mount of Japanese black and gold brocade, and the frame a simple



SHIELD WHAT-NOT.

band of black wood. These articles are quite expensive and when we consider that even in a small house several are needed, we are not surprised to see those miserable cardboard substitutes with colored flowers or landscapes.

If one has the time she can easily make, or have made to order, some very attractive screens which would be less costly, of better material and more artistic; they would also be more durable.

Frames made of a thin band of plain wood, with hinges, ready fixed are easily obtained: these should be enameled or stained and then mounted with panels of embroidered linen, soft silk or satin. If desired, less expensive material could be employed; the use to which the screen is to be put always determining the choice of the material. Spiders' webs are seen on the new screens and are not difficult to make in the following manner:

Fix a plain panel of satin in one of the folds of the screen. Draw from top to bottom a length of gold and coral tinselled cord; repeat from side to side and from corner to corner. Weave the web of the same fine tinselled cords that have been drawn across the panel. Each thread of the web should be at least an inch from the preceding one, otherwise it will look heavy. This with an imitation spider or insect or two, which can be bought, finishes one panel.

The other panel should be of satin but without a web. On this panel drooping sprays of a vine may be embroidered falling half way down it. Over the side farthest from the "web" panel there should be a drapery of gold, India silk, and insects to creep over the satin below the embroidered spray.

A few leaves embroidered on the web panel and a dew drop or two on the web add to the effect.

A single screen decorated somewhat after the same style is very easy to make. For this, cut out a square framework in strong card-board and bind it over closely with rope; tie the ropes into knots at the upper corners and make an anchor for the top ornament of the frame, then gild or bronze the whole of it. The gold or bronze powders with the metallic colors are most suitable for this work.

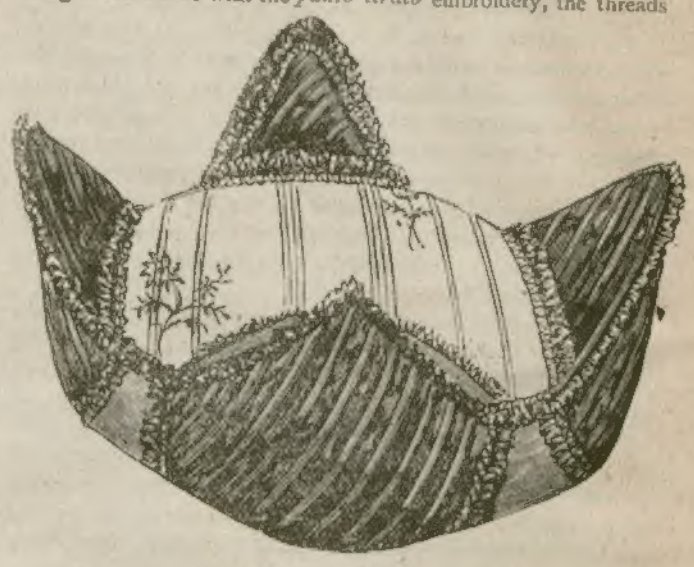
The anchor is made by cutting out the shape in card-board, binding it over with twine and twisting cord loosely about it, then gilding it all over. For the panel take pale green satin and embroider some pretty but simple design or paint some pretty scene on it. Those who cannot paint or embroider can either buy a panel, or use some of the many delicate pictures now made for this purpose, pasting them neatly on the satin background. In this case a line of gold should be painted over the edge to form a border.

A pretty drawing room screen may be made in the shape of an ordinary folding fan. Have seven strips of thin wood cut to represent the fan sticks; have them the same width all the way up as it makes the screen look lighter. These sticks when mounted require a stand to slip into; this is made from a round ball rather larger than a billiard ball and is set on three feet which are simply pieces of wood rounded and smooth, a little longer than a pencil, and each five inches in length. Three holes are made near together on one side of the ball and the feet are fixed into these, slanting outwards, so that the stand is firm. Across the top of the ball five small holes are made in a straight line, and into these the sticks are slipped when the fan leaf is finished. The leaf is not folded but is only a piece of stiff muslin cut to shape. Shaded gold chrysanthemum petals, either of silk or muslin are bought and sewed on in rows. Commence at the top and sew them on as lightly as possible, letting them curl forward. Fasten the leaf when it is entirely covered with petals, on to the sticks and line the back with sateen. About three inches of the stick should be left visible, and these with the stand should be enameled white.

Japanese folding fans are sometimes used for the frieze effect in the place of bordering paper. They may be bought by the quantity at a very low price, and when judiciously used they afford a pleasing and unique variety in wall decoration. A wall, in memory, hung with plain repp paper of a medium tone of stone-blue, has a heading of Japanese folding fans in the many colors and designs in which they come, the fans tilted diagonally, and confined on the wall with invisible tacks. A second room hung with paper in a pale tone of terra cotta color, has a frieze of fans set square, the fans confined in place with tacks having large fancy brass heads. The use of the Japanese fans for a frieze is certainly an improvement upon their substitution for pictures.

If you would have the bed-room of your young daughter altogether unique, pleasing and refreshing, have the ceiling preserved in some light and cheerful design, and the walls tinted a clear shade of rose color, and hung with cottage muslin. Let the muslin be thin and clear, but of firm texture. Apply it to the walls fluted, or in box plaits, and for a frieze festooning the muslin around the room, with a heading of moulding of mixed gold and silver. Have curtains of the muslin over rose color, overhung by festooned lambrequins; and loop back the curtains with rose-colored ribbons. The standing furniture should be of white enameled wood, or what is more desirable, of the beautiful Chinese rattan which is now so much in favor; with chairs and a sofa of the rattan heaped with cushions covered with the muslin over rose-color. Dainty muslin draperies may hang over the toilet mirror and the mantel shelf, and all the ornament about the room should be of a delicate character. Should you have the furniture of the white enameled wood, you can have one or two easy chairs, and the lounge upholstered in rose-color under the white muslin. Instead of frescoing the ceiling, you might have it overlaid with a specially devised design of the tapestry, which is now painted in so perfect imitations of fresco; or you might have the ceiling tinted, as recommended fo the walls, with the muslin drapery gathered to a cluster in the center, and drawn out smoothly at the extremities. Should you decide to tint and drape the ceiling, finish the work with a great rosette in the center, through which must run the pipe of the chandelier; and for the chandelier there may be suggested one of those exquisite Venetian glass productions, which look so much like frost work.

Among the most recent fancies which have appeared in squares and scarfs for the dinner and tea-tables, are those in which the point lace and the *punto tirato* stitches have been introduced into the embroidery. To effect this idea, the designs must be large and open, in leaves, for example, or flowers with large petals, so that the leaf or the petal may be cut out, to be filled in with the thread work. The point lace stitches referred to are all done as is the button-hole stitch, and great variety of arrangement can be introduced in them—cob-webs, shells, blocks, and other figures being readily effected. After filling in with the point lace stitches, the design is completed by overcasting the edge of the figures. For filling in the leaves with the *punto tirato* embroidery, the threads



NOVEL HASSOCK.

are crossed to form warp and woof, and the desired design is darned in.

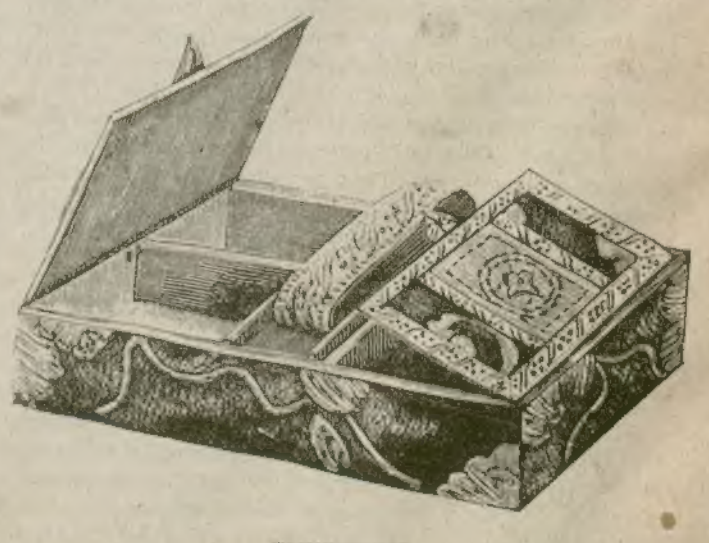
An elegant table scarf, is in a design of clustered chestnut leaves, the leaves filled in with various point lace stitches and finished with olive green overcasting, in the serrated effects seen in the natural leaves. A still more charming table square is embroidered in a design of large lilies with city leaves. The blossoms are filled in with point lace stitches and finished with overcasting in white of silk filoselle, and the leaves and stems are done in olive green. A very handsome table square to be used under the fruit bowl is wrought in a design of oranges and orange blossoms within a border of punto tirato work. Clusters of two or three small oranges, done in close work in orange shades, with a few leaves done in the outline stitch, fill in the corners of the square, and between them are clusters of orange blossoms done in white silk, with a few leaves in olive in the outline stitch. The border in drawn work is about two inches wide, edged on each side with a row of the feathered stitch done in white silk, and for a finish to this square is a row of the feather stitch heading trimming of Florentine lace, three inches wide. Lace is much used now for trimming fine drapery.

Crocheted Zouave Jacket.

A jaunty, snugly fitting sleeveless jacket in the familiar Zouave shape, but ordinarily called a hug-me-tight, may be made after the following directions: Use Germantown wool in any pretty shade of red, brown, dark blue or gray, or of black alone combined with color, and crochet in star or crazy stitch, rib or twist, or, in fact, any fancy stitch desired.

When finished, the ends of the narrow sections are joined to the sides of the wider one, and the openings left above the joinings from the arm-holes. Finish with a neat shell edge, worked all round. Tie together with ribbon.

To crochet a garment of any size required, make a chain as long as you desire the back to be, measuring from the neck to the bottom of the waist. Work up and down in the stitch selected until the back is as wide across the shoulders as needed. Then, after the last row, work back a little more than one-third of the length of the back for one narrow section, and work the same as before across this section, until the latter is long enough to extend down over the bust and under the arm to the back. Crochet the other side to correspond, beginning at the opposite side of the back, then join the edges. To knit one of these jackets, use German-



TRINKET BOX.

town yarn, and two rubber or bone needles size of a slate pencil.

Cast on 50 stitches, knit 100 rows, then cast on 50 stitches, and knit 100 rows more. Now bind off 50 stitches, then knit 100 rows, bind off loosely. Sew together, as you did the crocheted piece. Finish with a crocheted shell edge, and tie with ribbons.

SKETCHES
AT
MURRAY'S OPENING
JEAN

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited.'—Le Philosophe Sous Les Toits.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Outdoor Dress.—Outdoor dress of striped blue crepon, trimmed with braiding.

The most favored fans are all fancy combinations of white gauze with ribbons loosely fixed in a circle.

The large pins which fastens hats and bonnets to the head are no longer pinned to the head at the back, but in front.

Three small stick pins are required to fasten the strings of fashionable bonnets, but four or five may be used, each one different.

A late novelty for evening dresses is striped water silk, called "moire antique." On a white ground, blue, pink, cherry, and mauve stripes look lovely.

Milliners predict that large hats and small bonnets will have have the same vogue given them during the spring months that has been shown them all winter. However, a medium-sized poke bonnet will certainly be one of the features of the summer.

The tendency in dressing the hair is to have it not too high and not too low, and while the top is all curled, it must yet be very soft, and the hair at the sides must be brushed back, and certainly not cut. Hair dressers are anxious to introduce more elaborate styles, but my lady very sensibly prefers the simple mode which she can arrange herself, and which does not look stiff and studied.

Very Elegant.—A jabot of white chiffon, with ten rows of baby white satin ribbon on the edge, and a collar of folds with a bow of the ribbon at the back, and twenty small loops, is among the articles on which effects in white satin are seen, all ribbon of this kind, whether narrow or broad, being very much in use this season. It is seen in large rosettes on hats of black or dark velvet, and is much displayed on evening girdles and corselets.

Velvet cloths, Scotch homespuns, and large Bedford cords are the materials most in demand for winter costumes. Striped good of every possible kind, and waved lines are most chosen; the woolens are thick and warm, and navy blue and Russian green are tints preferred. The newest light woolens have the shape of very light shirred crape, fixed at every half inch by a very narrow pleat; the whole thing is woven and obtained from the loom in the elaborate shape it shows.

A Novel Corselet.—A very handsome corselet is of crochet silk, with lines of gold beads between the scrolls in the pattern. The edge is of the knitted lace, and the shape curves below the bust and points below the waist-line. This corselet does not extend to the back of the figure, but is held by two thong-belts of silk with tiny rosettes where the ribbon begins. A belt of ribbon below the corse may be worn also and the edge of the corselet brought over this belt, which style constitutes one of the new effects.

The long ribbon sashes reaching to the edge of the gown continue in vogue, not only for evening, but for street dresses. Sometimes the ribbons simply start from the shoulders and fall almost to the edge of the gown; again, they are brought front, cross over the corsage, come around under the arms high up to the centre of the back, where they are arranged in small bows, while the long ends reach quite to the edge of the skirt. By-the-bye, to be effective, these decorations should always be of velvet ribbon.

DRESSING SACK.

Back Again.—Back again, yet seemingly new, come the picturesque Roman sashes in the loveliest colors. These are worn with dresses of white serge, and the effect is unfailingly good.

OUTDOOR DRESS.

A very dainty tea-jacket is of cream white surah lined with pale olive green. A row of fine tucks is carried down the front edge of the jacket, making a neat finish. The vest of cream lace, ornamented with feather stitching, has a slight cascade of lace, which also trims the edges of the jacket. Ties of pale pink ribbon are at the waist and neck. The sleeves are feather-stitched and tucked lengthwise. This makes a pretty garment to wear with a black silk skirt that has outlived its original waist. In many cases this charming combination takes the place of a tea-gown.

Hosiery.—The use of grey and black silk hosiery is now much more fashionable than of the more conspicuous colors. A dull lavender and an olive stocking are also worn, while white silk for evening is liked. It must be admitted that the new caprice of a white kid slipper beaded with black, over a black or grey stocking is very becoming to a pretty foot. The shoe of beaded net made over satin is also charmingly pretty with such hosiery. The vogue of checks and plaids is detected in the fine woolen hosiery, as well as in a silk stocking of a similar design as to its top, the lower portion being black or grey, or, again, the lower part may be in the colors of Highland plaids, or of those seen in the woolen goods now displayed in hues so many and various.

No lady's wardrobe is quite complete without a dressing sack. Some very dainty ones are developed in eider-down flannel in white and the delicate shades of blue, pink, brown and mauve. French flannel, plain striped or figured, and various other pretty woolens are employed in the fashioning of these garments; and they may be ornamented with fancy stitching, chiffon frills or if one desires, more elaborate trimmings may be applied. One of these sacks recently made for a bride was of French flannel in a delicate blue. It was fitted to the figure in the back by side-back gores, and a curving centre seam, terminating above stylish coat laps. The loose fronts were closed with white pearl buttons and button-holes. The sleeves were comfortable leg o' mutton, finished at the wrists with cuffs rolling back from the hands. A rolling collar finished the neck. The collar, cuffs and edges of this sack were prettiiy hemmed and the hems feather-stitched with silk, matching in shade the flannel.

A Demi-trained skirt in water-green armure royale, is edged with flounce in white lisse, partly veiled with a second one raised in scallops, tipped with puffed rosettes at each point. Over this is a line of carnations and iris, wrought in natural colored silks with tinsel thread and a sparkling of jet beads; these sprays are embroidered on the material. The low bodice, pointed front and back, is edged with a double row of vandyked lace, forming a bertha. A similar trimming composes the short sleeves, covering the under part of the arm to the elbow, but disclosing it in front by a graceful looping up, arranged with a ribbon bow rising on each shoulder. The lower part of the coursage is peculiarly cut, so as to spread as a tail coat; the elongated and tapering panel on each side starts from the front fastening of the waist, and is, on its outside edge, tucked up in a slope, in opposition to the inner one, which falls at the back from between the two box-pleats. and displays midway a lining of salmon-pink Surah. Pearls round the neck; snake jewellery in the coiffure.

The newest tea gowns have a yoke and belt holding them close in the prevalent fashion, yet are much fuller than ordinary dresses, and accordion-pleated throughout. White and gold is still a favorite coloring for tea gowns, and is newly combined, as a white crepon gown, with yoke, belt, and sleeves of yellow satin. An innovation makes the skirt separate from the waist, and entirely of accordion-pleated crepon hung over a white silk foundation skirt. The waist has a closely fitted silk lining, covered at the top with a round yoke of yellow satin reaching to the shoulder-tips. To this yoke are attached accordion crepon breadths that fall to the foot in front and back, and are gathered in at the waist by a rounded belt of yellow satin. The crepon front fastens invisibly on the left, but the lining hooks down the middle. Close yellow sleeves fall low about the wrists, and a high standing collar is of the satin. All the satin parts are beautifully trimmed with small festoons of gold-lined beads strung loosely to wave with the slightest motion of the wearer. The graceful effect of this gown is completed by gathered bretelles of the crepon, with selvage finish, starting on the sides—not in front—from the merest point on the hips, and widening at the top to fall from the shoulders low on the yellow sleeves. A similar gown of pale violet crepon has the accordion waist coming only to the belt without the stole-like addenda. The sleeves, yoke, and belt are of violet silk, with amethyst beads strung in festoons in many rows.

WALKING COSTUME.

SKETCHES AT MESSRS W. A. MURRAY & CO'S

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

The Poetry of Dress.

BY R. HERRICK.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantoness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,
An erring lace which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,
A cuff neglectful and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,
A winning way, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a mild civility.
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

THANKS for your letter, dear little Cousin Mabel. How nice of you to tell me all about your doings. I hope I shall see you some day, when I go out past your home. I am real glad that you can do useful things too, for a girl who takes a part of the housekeeping off her mother's hands is the girl for me! I wonde did you ever think how it pleases her, when she sees you busying yourself so? Just imagine how she watches you, and her thoughts go back to the first day she held you in her arms, and felt so proud of her own little baby, and then—the day she found that first white tooth in your little red mouth, and the day you took your first step and the day you first said "mamma!" and it all seems like a dream to her, to see you trotting around making the beds, washing the dishes, brushing the crumbs! She was proud of you that first day when you were only a little squeaking, red-faced baby, just think how much prouder she will be of you now, when you are her little helper and comfort. God bless you, little Cousin Mabel, and all you girls who lift your share of the burden off the dear mother's back. Give Cousin Ruth's love to the twins, my dear, isn't i real funny that I have twin sisters too? but mine are just five times as old as yours!

I HAVE a message for Marie, in Annapolis, Maryland. Cousin Grace wants to write to you, my dear, she is a Minnesota girl, and if you will be kind enough to send me your address I will send it to her. Hers is waiting in the little gold hand for you. I hope you will send yours along right away, of course it wont be given to anyone but cousin Grace in Minnesota. I think the thing I most enjoy about our Cosy Corner Chats is introducing girls to one another. Marie and Grace, please like each other, if only because I like you both!

CERTAINLY, you may come into the corner, Scotch lassie. Why not? I am really glad that Miss Blackeyes wrote to me, as much because it made you write, as because it brought her into our corner. Do you know, one sentence in your letter made me feel a little sad. It was where you say "I did not know before that anyone cared for servant girls." Again, why not! Servant girls are women, with hopes, and wishes, and life and love, just as much as duchesses. Dear Scotch lassie, the Lord we worship was a working man. Think of that! He took orders from people, made wood-work for their homes. I declare, I never seemed to realize that till this moment! Thank you, dear Cousin, for a new thought about my Saviour. And am I not sure that there was the very best of work put into those houses? Yes indeed! What an idea, to think of living in a house that Jesus worked on? And don't you see the full significance of the remark he made to the disciples when he was going away. "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you!" Just the same work in Heaven, making houses for other people to live in? How near labour brings us to Christ! I don't envy the people who don't have to work! No, you and I must work, and work hard. Well it is all right, for our Lord worked hard too. We can always have someone to care for us in time of need, but he had to bear his crowning agony alone. I am glad you gave up the tailoring. It is very trying for girls. I have a lot of little cousins who have not made their appearance in this paper yet, who are sewing, pressing, shrinking, steaming heavy cloth garments that are too much for their strength, and I wish they could leave it and get nice places as servants. They don't like that word, but I can't see why, a good servant is a rare and pleasant thing, try and be as good as you can, and write to me again soon.

I WONDER what has happened to a good many of the Cousins who started this column. Lots of new ones come and I am glad to see them, real glad! but I sometimes think back, about Florida Florence, and Sequa, and Emmie, and Perplexity, and those first Cousins whose cheery help made our column a success. Are you too busy, dears, or is it not interesting to write to an unseen Cousin? Don't forget the Cousin, nor wander far away from the Cosy Corner, I want you by me now and then!

I WAS thinking of you girls in church, Sunday last. Whenever I see a girl doing anything very nice or very horrid, I always think "My, I wish she was one of my Cousins, I'd talk to her finely." Two girls sat right behind me, and as we were all early, they began to talk, one belonged to the church and the other asked her all kinds of questions about the service, the minister, the choir, the Dorcas Society. I declare she wanted to know everything. The other girl answered her and gave her a good deal of information that surprised me. Well, the service began, and I thought they would stop, but they just kept right along, whispering through the prayers and hymns and giggling through the sermon. It wasn't much of a sermon, but what was good, they did their best to spoil, until I just felt pretty well out of patience with them. And that I might not hear them, I began to think of you girls, and to wonder if every one of you were as reverent as you might be. "Girls will be girls!" said some one indulgently, just there, and I looked up from my writing to snap out, "Well let them be nice girls, not horrid ones!" "Why Cousin Ruth, what's the matter? I thought you couldn't see anything wrong in girls!" (in very surprised tones). I felt a little cheap, for it did seem inconsistent, but I just told them about those two. "Yes" said the surprised speaker" and a girl next me in church, last Sunday, sucked peppermint lozenges until I was quite ill from the smell, I dislike it so!" Now, girls dear, I don't want to dream of any of you being horrid, but the most careful of us are not too careful how we behave inside the church walls. We go there, presumably, to gather up the blessings for our soul's food. Not to talk not to stare, not to plan for the morrow, not to eat candy or giggle, but to confess our wrong doings, to ask pardon, to thank the Father of us all for care and help. I never knew a girl to amount to much who could not behave herself properly in church, though once in a while, as I remarked, before, the most careful may backslide a trifle.

I am going to ask my cousins to state their opinion on a subject about which I had a great discussion the other day. Suppose you had your choice of any way on earth to spend an evening, (no matter how much it would cost, or how far it would take you) what would you like best to do? Now, girlies all, from Maine to California, and from the North pole to Mexico, yes, even way off in Egypt, my Lily Pearl, send in your answers addressed to me, and the one who comes nearest the way of spending the evening which we voted the happiest will get a present specially prepared by your affectionate

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Horrors of Dishwashing.

And yet it is a fact that dishwashing is the one great irksome fact of housework. It makes the wife determined that she will have a servant, and makes the servant hate to be one. Dishes and knives and forks are the great curse of our modern civilization. Without them there would be no servant girl question; there never was one before they were introduced. A society for the Abolition of Dishes might do a good deal to abolish the servant girl question.

Home Hints.

A curious prejudice that some people have is against soap as an application for the face; this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautifier, and a great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will soon fade quickly away and leave no trace.

If you are inclined to be round shouldered don't wear an overcoat that is too heavy. Two or three inches saved in the length of a thick overcoat materially reduces its weight. An overcoat that extends below the knees suggests superfluousness, and is not to be recommended. The knees should be the lowest boundary line. Fine, warm underclothing is of more utility in preserving health and comfort than a heavy overcoat.

Sometimes it is very difficult to remove a glass stopper from a bottle. A cloth wet in hot water sometimes is sufficient; but if this fails, remember that the principle is to expand the neck of the bottle by heat and not the stopper. With hot water, the latter is often heated equally with the neck, and thus the desired effect is not produced. By holding the neck of the bottle about half an inch above the flame of a lamp or candle, however, in a few second the most obstinate cork will generally come out. Care must be taken to turn the bottle rapidly, and not allow the flame to touch the glass as it might crack it. When the glass is thoroughly heated a steady pull and twist will almost always bring out the stopper.

Some of the best powders for the teeth are prepared at home. A simple old powder is made of pure charcoal pounded and sifted, and mixed to a paste with water flavored with myrrh, if you like the slightly bitter refreshing flavor. If a charcoal paste is used abundance of water should be used to rinse the mouth, as nothing is more objectionable than a residue of black streaks left sometimes by this powder. Equal parts of prepared chalk, powdered pumice stone and pulverized orris root make a good paste. There is no better wash than the well-known one of a few drops of myrrh dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, but where this is not agreeable there are many delicious washes now found for sale which are equally valuable.

An Ideal Husband.

61

A perfect husband, to my mind
Is loving, tender, gentle, kind;
Brave, and noble, patient, too;
Faithful, in thought to his wife true,
He does not scold if dinner is late,
He knows exactly how to wait;
Tidy, generous, temperate, too;
He does not drink, or smoke, or chew,
Can join a stove pipe at his will
And keep his temper calm and still;
His words are wisdom to his mate,
And at the club he ne'er stays late
Of children he is fond, yet firm;
Willing their joys and sorrow to learn.

62 My ideal husband, is a christian, honorable, cheerful, deferential to woman, proud of his home, fond of children, kind to servants by those in his employ. With confidence enough in his wife's house-keeping to bring home a friend to dinner or to spend the evening at any time he feels inclined. He can smoke all he likes, but must be strictly temperate in regard to alcoholic drinks. Intellectual rather than handsome; prefer dark to fair complection. A man I would look up to, and prefer to obey. (Rather than "cook or serve him up with sauce.")

63 A man who loves God and his fellow-men; whose heart glows with mother-love; who possesses an innate respect for a woman; who is willing to merge his own comfort in providing for the comfort of others; who is not averse to being controlled for good; who venerates truth; who loves sincerely enough to be honestly and purely jealous, who will bear and forbear, and last but not least, who is willing and glad to give to his wife, in return just so much as he in all things requires of her.

64 He must be so good, that all look eagerly into his face, calling it beautiful, though no clearly defined traces of beauty may be found there. So strong to protect his own, but with a touch most tender to the dear old mother, or the tiny babe in my arms. So noble that even to the fallen he can give a helping hand, so just that even the wayward child blesses him for his chastisement. Who looks upon woman, as next to his God, and deserving of his tenderest love and respect.

65

1 Should be a Christian.

2 Should have determination, and a fair share of this world's goods.

3 Should be affectionate, not self-conceited, educated, and of a cheerful disposition.

4 Not given to fault finding.

5 Personal appearance. Tall, with dark, blue or brown eyes. High brow, a firm chin and dark moustache, full red lips, and white even teeth.

6 One who never uses wines, tobacco or any intoxicating liquors.

7 One who does not always say my "Mother used to do so and so."

8 Should be fond of music possessing a good voice.

9 A good reader, one who would enjoy reading aloud.

66

Husband, husband, thus twas of old;
Thus tis to-day. When man is true,
He bands together those, who hold
Homes ties most dear. Magnanimous,
Honest, pure, chivalrous, discreet,
No barrooms frequents he, In Home
He finds his best delight. He'll treat
His wife to concerts, lectures rare.
Should politics attention claim
He's ready at his country's call;
Accepts no bribes but gives his name
To the cause of Freedom, Temperance, Truth.
Allows his wife to speak her thought,
Without reproach; respects her right
To form opinions. His mercy aids
The poor, sorrowful, fallen; despite
Ill will, he humbly, righteously,
Fears God, not man.

67 He will love his wife as his own body. Fires will not be left for her to build in winter. When necessary will watch by the sick and troublesome baby to give her rest. Consider her comfort and happiness before his own. Do all in his power to strengthen the love of her who was given to his keeping. She will be his own confident in all his affairs. Through love and kindness he will establish himself King in his home circle, and worthy the name of husband and protector of her who has vowed to love and honor him.

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE

(*The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address, Play Room Editor, in care of this paper.*)

What is Life?

A little crib beside the bed
A little face above the spread
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule

A little blythesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within it laid,
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound:
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from harvest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. CHARADE.—Cup-board, cupboard. No. 2. A flower.

No. 3. SINGLE ACROSTIC.—Wilberforce.

No. 4. BEHEADED WORDS.—1. House, ouse, use. 2 Plate, late, ate. 3. Stable, table, able.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

If you only go deep enough, you will find me in the ocean, and I am to be met with, besides, in every brook, stream, and waterfall in the world. I am one of the necessaries of your existence, although, of course, I am varied according to your different forms of civilization. I furnish you with no few of the luxuries of life, as in the shape of oysters, strawberries, corals, coals, and mushrooms, which all come from me. I am to be met with in every garden, whether in town or country, and am impartially addicted to vegetables or flowers. The geologist explores me in every direction and reads me like a book. Sometimes I incline to feathers, although I neither fly nor am given to vain attire; at other times dried heather or fern branches serve my purpose. I am often spare, though not necessarily thin, and may be paradoxically said to have often a flock although I am only single. I must admit in one phase of being I am eminently disagreeable, for whoever has met with me when devoted to nettles, bears an unpleasant memory of me ever after. I am not at all inclined to soar ambitiously, but you will only occasionally find me down. I am sometimes addicted to mechanics, and then you will find me full of springs. Children do not willingly court my society; they struggle vigorously against being brought to me; young people don't value me as they should; but the aged and the sick hail me as their best earthly comfort and friend!

Charade.

My FIRST had walked a weary mile,
Last of a score since breakfast-time,
And sat to rest themselves awhile.
Listening to the matin chime.
They searched within their scanty scrip
For a stale crust; then stooped to dip
Their gourds in the stream that seemed to be
In such a hurry to meet the sea.
They'd nothing but this humble fare,
Yet in the world had played brave parts;
Now, neither discontent nor care
Weighed like my SECOND on their hearts.
Older than these, perhaps as wise,
My WHOLE has lived long years to stand
And steer the course of states; the eyes
Of nations on his wary hand

Enigma.

My FIRST you sing.
My SECOND you ring,
And my WHOLE you put on to distinguish a thing.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR.—You say you are always glad to get a letter from me, so am I to send you one only mamma thinks they are a trouble to you; now they are not, are they?

I am going to tell you all about a drive and a run away we had the other morning.

Mamma and baby and I were driving along very quietly when something frightened old Dobbin, and he started off on a galop, tearing down one street, across another, and making things lively in all directions. Tom, the driver, held on to the lines, and tried all he could do to keep him in the straight road, but it was no use.

Mamma was very much afraid and baby and I were crying, when suddenly we ran up against a horse car, and the wheel came off the carriage throwing mamma and baby to the ground against the hard stones.

People ran from everywhere, (I was still in the carriage and was screaming all I could, I thought mamma was killed) some to catch the horse, others to look after mamma.

In a few minutes they had the horse by the head, and three or four people petted him, while a kind gentleman lifted me out of the carriage and carried me across the street to a drug store where they had taken mamma and baby.

Poor baby wasn't hurt much, but mamma was. She looked as if dead, her dear, white face and closed eyes made me cry again when I saw her. The doctor sent for papa, and we had to wait there until he came.

Some kind ladies held me and baby, and gave us candies to eat, to try and make us forget about mamma, but it was no use, we cried all the time until papa came, and when he saw mamma the tears came into his eyes too. By this time the doctors had brought mamma out of the faint, and papa called another carrriage to go home.

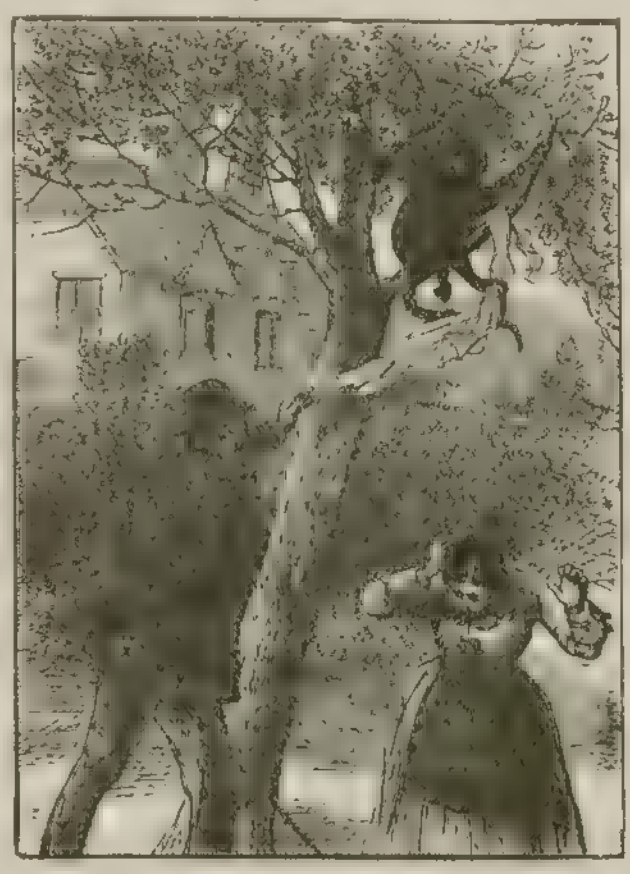
They lifted mamma, and baby and me in very gently and we drove home very slowly. I knew mamma must be hurt very much by the way they lifted her. When we got home they put her to bed and she has not been able to get up since.

Nurse lets me see mamma a little while every day, and the doctor says we must not make a noise or worry, so we try to be good. Baby is well, but I have not got over being frightened. I will write you another letter soon, so good bye,

From your little reader,
MURIEL.

Tom Blain's Monkey.

Tom Blain had a monkey, and he called him Jeff. Jeff was the pet of the schoolboys, the mischief of the house, and the torment of the village. He never let a chance pass of doing mischief which might be in his way, or, in fact, out of either, for often he was missed, and he, sometime after, would be found at the other end of the little village in which he had caused so much amusement.



TOM BLAIN'S MONKEY.

Frequently he would escape from his cage and run off at full speed to the old school-house; while the boys were at play he would creep into the master's room, and turn everything upside down; use up all the chalk for the blackboard, turn coats and caps inside out, put tacks on the chair, and everything he could do to create a commotion and disturbance you may be sure would be done. No one ever seemed to see him go to the school room, no one ever saw him come out, and no one had ever seen him while he was up to his pranks, so how he got there was all a mystery.

One bright sunny morning, the master announced to the boys that the door would be locked at recess, so that Jeff could not get in. When the time came the key was turned in the lock and put into the master's pocket; of course, they thought they were safe then, and all went to the play-ground to enjoy a few games. Jeff was not to be thwarted; he crept along the hall to the door of the master's room, and tried to lift the latch, but, alas! he found that he could not raise it, this annoyed him a little, and he turned hurriedly away, walked out through a sidedoor, and round the wall to the window which was a little open; ah! he thought, I can get through there, so in he jumped and commenced his pranks, adding a little more to the mischief this time, in the way of turning the inkwell upside down on the master's desk, and throwing coats and caps all about the room.

When he had completed his work he jumped back through the open window and away home. He had not gone far before he found an old horse and cart standing at the door of a farm house; into the cart Jeff sprang, and, seizing hold of the reins, urged the horse on. Through the streets he drove, and did not stop until he came to his own door, and then just in time to save himself a severe cut from the whip of the man who owned the horse, and had run after him, he jumped out of the cart and scampered away among the trees in the orchard.

Many complaints were laid against poor old Jeff, but it was no use; Tom could do nothing with him. In the house he would torment the cook until she vowed to leave, if Jeff were not kept out of the kitchen; he played all sorts of pranks with the housemaid, such as ringing the call bell whenever he would chance to pass it, hiding her dusters, and in fact she never knew what hoax was going to be played next. Then, for visitors he was always on the lookout; one day I remember seeing him come to the drawing-room with a lady's cloak, bonnet and gloves on. The lady had taken tea with Tom's mamma, and to the horror of every one present Jeff comes down arrayed in her wraps.

One morning Tom missed his pet monkey, and could not think where he had gone or what had happened him, so, dressing hurriedly he went out to see why Jeff had not come up to his bedroom to bid him good morning as usual; to his dismay he found poor old Jeff lying on the old straw bed in the corner of his cage fast asleep Tom thought; he discovered however, that his poor pet was sick and very ill too; on the floor beside him lay a piece of dry cake which told the tale.

It appears that one of the men had placed poison in the barn to destroy the rats, and this Jeff had got hold of, so the mischief was done; poor fellow, he only lived a few hours afterwards. Many a boy shed tears when they heard of the sad end of Tom's pet monkey. He will be missed from among them, and it will be many a long day ere they find another pet to take his place.

Mothers' Corner.

"May perpetual youth keep dry their eyes from tears."—TENNYSON

Home Comforts.

Now the chilly nights are coming, and a little extra covering on the beds is very snug and warm, so many pretty and cheap comfortables can be made at home for half the cost of those you can buy, besides being lighter and cleaner looking. Cheese cloth makes the prettiest looking one, or if you want pink or blue choose sateen the shade you require, or make one side pink and one side blue or blue and white, pink and white or yellow looks pretty where the trimmings of the bedroom match this color. Your comfortable should measure two yards by two yards and a half. Almost every house can supply a quilting frame, if not you can manage very well without, and as it is only the work of a few hours, the great table in the kitchen will do, or you can do it on top of a large bed. Lay your cover smoothly and cover with cotton batting in lengths, evenly laid side by side, then another layer over them crosswise, lay on the other cover and baste around the edge, then tack at intervals of one foot in a row, the next row make the tacking come opposite the middle of the space between the others; still measure the twelve inches between. When you take the final tack stitch draw a little tuft of yarn or Berlin wool down with it, and these little tufts will make your comfortable look very pretty. When all tacking is in double in the outer edges and crochet all around a button-hole stitch of the same color as your tufts. When finished you will have a very pretty, cheap and fashionable cover for your bed, which may be loosely rolled up lengthwise across the foot of your bed in the day-time.

Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co's Millinery Opening.

The show rooms of the above firm were crowded to excess on Tuesday, March 22nd, when they held their usual spring opening, exhibiting the new styles just brought over from Paris and London by their buyers. The ladies who were able to be present must have been delighted with the fine exhibition of goods laid out for their inspection. Our artist made a point of being there and this week we publish two pages of sketches made by him of some of the more taking hats, mantles, &c., though these must only be taken as specimens, of the many varieties shown. On page 215 is a very pretty girl's hat made in ecru chip, with Tam o' Shanter crown, lined with pink chiffon, and trimmed with a quantity of pink and ecru tips encircling the crown, and a bunch stylishly arranged a la Prince of Wales, at the back.

The cloak is one of the very popular military ones made this season, and is shown in all shades of tweeds and plaids, tastefully lined with shot silk to match the prevailing tint of the garment. A very pretty costume is also drawn, a two piece princesse, the skirt being of cloth while the bottom of the skirt and the upper part of the bodice is make of pale geeen surah silk, separated from the cloth by a band of feather trimming. Among the latest styles in mantles is the one shown on page 215. Lace is to be very much worn this year, and this has lace hanging over the shoulders and round the bottom, making a very stylish summer garment. It is made up in grey cloth with black lace and jet trimmings, or in biscuit cloth with cream lace. The tight fitting jacket is in Bedford cord, a material much in use this year, with blue revers and cuffs and steel embroidery. It is also made in other colors, but the prevailing colors seem to be biscuits, browns and greys. Of the hats shown, the child's is witch shaped in royal blue and has serpentine trimmings of royal and turquoise blue ribbon, and is lined with chiffon. The bonnet is leaf-shaped in turquoise blue passementerie trimmed with shaded ribbon, fawn shading to turquoise and has a bunch of cowslips grouped at the back, and an empire bow of blue velvet standing up in front. The ladies' hat is called the Bernhardt and is ecru fancy Dunstable lined with Irish lace of the same tint, trimmed with yachting bows of handsome cream moire, and two shaded green quills. The hat worn over the lace mantle is a fancy French straw plaque in Havanna brown trimmed with velvet to match, and nacre ribbon, and has a stylish group of nacre feathers at the back. Handsome Rhinestone ornaments are much used on hats this year, one or two being found on almost every shape. One very striking department at Messrs. Murray's, is the curtain and furnishing department. There were some very pretty wall draperies and hangings shown, one delightful effect in tapestry painting must have struck every visitor, pretty screens of every description were to be seen, and we should specially call our readers' attention to some Japanese screens shown, which are being sold at wonderfully low prices. We hope that shortly we shall be able to reproduce some sketches of the clever ideas for drapery and wall decorations shown by this firm.

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—Byron

Jam Pudding.—Butter a pie-dish well, and strew in a thick layer of fine crumbs of bread; beat three eggs with a quarter of a pound of white sugar until light; add a quarter of a pound of butter beaten to a cream, and about three-quarters of a pound of raspberry jam, or strawberry, if preferred; mix all together until smooth, when pour some on the crumbs in the dish; then add more crumbs, and so on till the dish is full; bake in the oven, and when ready to serve garnish the top with leaflets, rings, etc., of good puff pastry baked separately. Almonds and fruit may also be utilized as a garnish.

Many pretty puddings are made by reducing apples and apricots (tinned) to a puree. The fruit must then be mixed with the yolks of eggs, sugar, suitable flavoring—lemon for apples, brandy for the apricots in addition—sugar to sweeten, and a little butter beaten to a cream. The mixture must then be baked in a pie-dish lined with pastry. These puddings look well decorated with pastry leaves, etc., or may be covered with the beaten whites of the eggs, as in the bread meringue. If the pudding is made with apples, decorate with cherries and strips of angelica, and the apricots should have strips of crystalized apricots in addition. These puddings are equally good hot or cold.

Victoria Pudding.—Beat three eggs until light, by degrees, add butter, sugar and flour, which should be of exactly the same weight as the three eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder; flavor with almonds or lemon; pour the mixture in a pie-dish over a thick layer of jam; bake for an hour or rather longer. If desired, the jam at the bottom of the dish may be sprinkled with chopped almonds, cut citron-peel, or preserved fruits. Garnish the top with cut almonds stuck in. Serve cold.

Cherry Toast.—Take ripe cherries, one or more quarts, stem and wash, and if you prefer, remove the stones, place over the fire and, unless they are very ripe, add a little water; add sugar to taste. While they are cooking have several slices of bread nicely toasted and placed in a large dish; when the cherries are soft, but not broken, pour over the toast. To be eaten cold.

Chocolate Cake.—Take one cup of grated chocolate, one cup of sugar, one half-cup of milk, yolk of one egg. Boil all together until it thickens, let it get cool. While this mixture is cooling make a cake of one cup of sugar, one-half of butter, one half of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, after sifting, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of vanilla. Beat up very light and add the chocolate mixture if perfectly cool. Bake in four jelly cake tins. Then make a boiled icing of two cups of sugar, one half cup of water, the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff. Boil sugar and water until almost to a crackle height, then pour very slowly on the whites of the eggs, beating them quite fast, when cold put between the layers. Put a pinch of citric acid in the frosting when beating it.

Cookies.—One cupful of butter (or half butter and half lard), two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, two eggs, about a quart of floor (cookies are better to have no more flour than is necessary for rolling them thin without sticking), three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful cream tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda. Sour milk can be used, when add the half teaspoonful of soda, and omit the cream tartar. Roll thin, cut out, and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and rind of one lemon, two eggs, eight heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one small teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of corn-starch. Mix the corn-starch with a little of the milk. Put the remainder on the fire and when boiling stir in the corn-starch. Boil one minute. Let this cool, and add the yolks of the eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of the sugar, and the grated rind and juice of the lemon, all well beaten together. Have a deep pie-plate lined with paste, and fill with this mixture. Bake slowly half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually beat into them the remainder of the sugar. Cover the pie with this, and brown slowly.

Rich Drop Cakes.—One pound of flour, one pound of powdered sugar, three quarters pound of butter, a half pound of currants, washed and dried, four eggs, beaten very light, juice of one lemon and half the grated peel, a half teaspoonful of soda, wet up with hot water. Dredge the currants, and put them in last of all. Drop the mixture by the spoonful upon buttered paper, taking care that they are not so close together as to touch in baking.

Fig Cake.—One cupful of sugar, one and a half cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one half cupful of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix, and bake in three layers. Spread icing covered with finely chopped figs between the layers. Cover with plain icing.

Danish Pudding.—One cupful of tapioca, three generous pints of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of sugar, one tumbler of any kind of bright jelly. Wash the tapioca in the morning and all day in three pints of water. In the evening put on in the double boiler, and cook one hour. Stir frequently. Add the salt, sugar, and jelly, and mix thoroughly. Turn into a mould that has been dipped in cold water, and set away to harden for next day's dinner. Serve with cream and sugar.

Dried Apple Pie.—Stew dried apples soft, in as little water as possible; sweeten to taste and add a few strips of orange peel or one slice of lemon; flavor with a very little spice. Pull all through a coarse sieve, sweeten and season before putting into the pie-pans; stir in a beaten egg Bake with two crusts, rolled thin, and warm it slightly before eating.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Mix one tablespoonful of oatmeal to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Pour this into one pint of boiling water; let it boil for half an hour. Sweeten it and serve it with toast. Some prefer a little salt.

Baked Apple Pudding.—The yolks of four eggs, six large pippins, grated, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of sugar, the juice and half the peel of one lemon. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, stir in the yolk and lemon with the grated apples. Pour in a deep pudding dish to bake. Whip the whites and add them last. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Eat cold with cream.

Stewed Clams.—Wash the clams, put them in a pot and cover them closely; set them near the fire, and as soon as they begin to open, take them out of the shell, drain them, and to a pint of clams add half a pint of water, one ounce of butter rolled in flour, cayenne pepper and salt to the taste; let them stew ten minutes. Just before they are to be dished add one gill of cream.

Julienne Soup.—One quart stock, one pint mixed vegetables, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half saltspoon pepper. Cut the celery into thin slices, the turnip into quarter-inch dice, and the carrot into three-quarters by one-eighth strips or straws, using only the orange part. Or cut carrot and turuip into quarter-inch slices, and then into fancy shapes with small vegetable cutters. Cover with boiling water, add half a teaspoonful of sait, and cook until soft, but not long enough to destroy their shapes. Let the quart of stock come to a boil; add the vegetable, the water, and more salt if necessary. Serve hot. In spring and summer use asparagus, peas and string beans. It is quite important that the vegetables should be small and of uniform thickness; but, if any require a longer time to cook, they should be cut into smaller pieces.

Cut glass will not look clear unless washed in very hot water, but does not require soap. If it is in any way blurred or tarnisned it must be cleaned with a soft brush dipped in whiting, and then polished with a soft piece of newspaper; this gives it a brilliant, clear appearance' and no lint remains, as when rubbed with a linen towel.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

450 This lady is perhaps a little inclined to scheming—a thing much to be deplored as her general character is fine, and her ability unquestionable—she would make a pushing and no doubt successful helpmeet to a rising man, and her ambition is to reign in society. If as I suspect she is already married she may be, in her husband's estimation, an ideal wife, if he is just the man I have hinted at. Her affection is sincere, love of praise large, energy very great, and hope strong.

451 Lots of pluck, patience and pride are in this lady's make-up. She is a perfect helpmeet for a poor but refined husband, her affection is strong and her perseverence and energy in like ratio, her tact and taste are very delicate and fine and her nature tuned to noble music, good ambition but poor judgment are also shown.

452 This is a very inartistic; study the downward tendencies are strong, pride and selfwill are evident, lack of refinement and sympathy are shewn, the study reveals many coarse and undesirable traits though constancy, hope, strong affection and great keenness of judgment are in it.

453 A gentle, feminine, and refined nature, fond of beauty and art, quick to feel and apt of perception, she is perhaps rather too sensitive but her nature is all highstrung and delicate, would be an ideal wife for a cultured millionaire and is no doubt a queen in society.

454 This is an honest, careless and unimaginative woman, with great good nature, some sympathy, and rather a fine opinion of herself. She loves company, is full of fun, and always makes herself liked, a good wife for a sturdy but not too refined husband.

455 A very similar hand to No. 454 but more unselfish, and more easily open to refining influences. She is also religious and extremely conscientious.

456 This lady is what is termed a "crank." She is an enthusiast; her judgment being faulty, her enthusiasm is more than likely to be ill advised. A good many people admire her, bnt to her home circle she is rather a trial. The main points in her character are determination, prejudice, optimism, ideality and very great love of display. I doubt if she will ever be a wife much less an ideal one.

457 This is a complete contrast in every way to No. 456, being the writing of an ordinary, home-loving and gentle creature, timid and lacking self-reliance, fond of her friends, apt to give up more than she need, the devoted slave of anyone to whom she thinks she owes service. A tender, compassionate and very loving nature who will probably be often imposed upon.

458 A very breezy, independent and merry girl is this, young and impulsive, in fact the writing scarcely justifies a delineation as it is rather in a transition stage. It shows hope, energy, strong affection, kindness, self esteem and high honor. A girl to be trusted as well as liked.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Mother Marie.—I had rather not whip a child until after every other means of subduing her had been tried. At the same time, I should not make too firm a set against so small an offender. Those little *hearts* are often very tender, though the *will* be very tough, and a judicious appeal to their feelings sometimes lay low the greatest baby rebels. The trouble in whipping a child is to do it properly, too much or too little is wasted effort.

Gaffer Gay.—At an evening wedding, all the men guests wear evening dress, the ladies rich silks or velvets or lace gowns made high-necked and long-sleeved. A *decolletee* robe in church would to my idea be shocking. The sleeves could be short, with very long gloves, but elbow sleeves or quite long ones are more in keeping. The bride does not drop her veil again after the bridegroom salutes her. The old practice of congratulating the bride in the chancel has fallen into disuse. The party generally proceed at once to the vestry to sign the Register. Going out the bride's ushers precede the married pair, the rest each take a bridesmaid. The bride's ushers precede her to the altar, they are her special attendants, the others usher in the guests, precede the bridesmaids and bring up the rear of the procession to the altar. The bridesmaids go in ahead of the bride, and come back behind her. At the reception after the ceremony the whole bridal party remain together, until the guests have offered congratulations. Levity in the church is in the worst possible taste, but any amount of refined pleasantries may be indulged in at the house. It is not *comme il faut*, but very countrified, for the bridesmaids and party to accompany the couple to the train. The best man or some near friend can go, if there is anything special to see after. This is all the space I can give you this week, but if there is any little point you are in doubt about, write, and I will let you know next week.

Resurgam.—For a post Easter luncheon, why not have an "Egg lunch?" Here are a few dishes you can have: Soup-bouillon, with salted *meringue* on each cup; boiled fish with egg sauce, curried eggs, egg-plant, chicken croquetes in egg-shape; boiled potatoes carefully pared to the size of eggs, and arranged in a nest of fringed doyleys; salad with egg dressing; blanc mange, shaped like half eggs, and slightly square on the ends, can be scooped out a little with a spoon, and filled with yellow custard and arranged standing on an oval platter. The bon-bons should be in little yellow chickens, whose heads come off, the salt sand peppers, china eggs. The decorations of the table yellow and white and the flowers narcissus. Egg-nogg can be served as a beverage, and for a centre decoration a nest of gilded straws piled with eggs in sugar, is effective and novel; the idea, well carried out is productive of much interest and is usually a complete success.

Berta.—I have tried to get a translation, but so far, have failed.

Beatrice.—A young housekeeper should expect some failures Don't be discouraged, experience will soon make you independent. Don't try to order your servant too much. If she cooks anything wrongly, don't scold her, unless you can show her the right way. Go and learn how yourself, then tell her that you don't care for the way she did it, and you wish to try yourself. Be kind, good-natured, but exceeding firm and in earnest. I am sure from your sensible letter that you'll do well.

Jake.—It is not the custom among the upper classes to allow a young daughter to go to the theatre, with a young man, without a chaperone. You needn't feel much cast down at being refused. Any other man would have received the same answer, from people of the class you mention. I know some parents are not so strict, as no one is the worse, but it is better for the girl afterwards, when her youth is carefully shielded and guarded. Everyone isn't such a good fellow as you say you are, and then the girl suffers.

Shark.—I don't know anything about the book, but it is certainly not a good one for young folks. This dallying with skepticism and socialism is bad enough for settled minds, but it will only make you miserable.

Marie.—Albani sings in Toronto on the eleventh of April. This will be Monday in Passion Week, and very strict church people of the Roman and Anglican churches will not probably be able to attend. However that is between themselves and their consciences.

Inca.—A very readable and instructive book on that subject is Sir Arthur Helps' "Spanish Conquests in America." I should fancy you could get it from the Library. It is a pretty bulky volume, or rather several of them

Beauty.—Go to 3 King St. East, and take the elevator, the information will meet you on the way up.

Miss Curiosity.—Washing it in warm water before retiring, is good for the face. Soap does not agree with every skin, only the purest is beneficial. I believe I have answered your other questions before, face massage stimulates the skin, and is good for the complexion, face bleach would be good for you, but I think your diet or habits would be better for looking after; paint your joint with tincture of iodine. Your shoes are either too short or too narrow at the toes, pinching them at the top or rubbing them, either will give you a bunion. A tennis party, or a five o'clock tea out doors, or one in a swing, one pushing her, and two holding the rope at either side, a picnic round a table-cloth spread on the grass, are some ideas for four girls in a summer photo.

Bessie.—You can get Sunbeams for twenty-five cents the half dozen, but I don't think they are highly finished. The usual price is a dollar a dozen and upwards. They don't usually take less than a dozen. The photographer you mention does good work.

Blackeyes.—1. A suitable present for a gentleman friend would be something useful. Men don't like fallalls. If he is a smoker, embroider him a chamois leather tobacco pouch. 2. Diaconal plaster. 3. Light grey, dull blue, pale green, and mauve and for figured dresses, art delaines, crepons, and embroidered cashmerettes. 4. I cannot give hair tonics in this column. 5. Sailor hats are not stylish, except for morning and seaside wear, this year. 6. You should be pretty, surely.

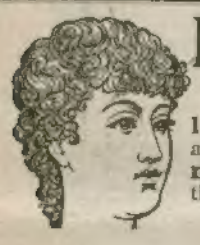
Flotsam—1. Pond's Extract. 2. A handkerchief box or a sachet. You will find a pattern in the paper of March 12th. Your other questions are too deep for me. Don't be silly and don't write about "snapping up" young men, its sounds vulgar and it isn't at all smart. If you hadn't said you liked the Ladies' Pictorial, I should have set you down as a goose.

Carrie.—1. You can get a nice bang at Armands on the corner of Yonge and Carleton streets, it would cost from $2 upwards. 2. You can have false teeth inserted without removing the old roots. 3. I cannot give you a good recipe for removing pimples until I understand what causes them. Perhaps the fault is in your food, habits, or something that no lotion or wash would affect.

SCIATICA RHEUMATISM
ST. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
LUMBAGO NEURALGIA

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FREDENSBORG Castle once more witnesses the annual family gathering, which doubtless is fondly looked forward to by those participating in it. The Princess of Wales and her daughters and the King of Greece have now been joined by the Czar, Czarina, Czarewich and Queen of Greece, who, with their numerous suites, tax the resources of the Castle, albeit containing some hundred rooms, to the uttermost. Fredensborg is charmingly situated on a wooded hill, close to a lovely lake. The town contains some 4000 people, and is a favorite resort of wealthy Copenhageners in the summer and early autumn. The castle dates from the early part of last century, and has beautiful gardens. It stands at the entrance of a large park. The rooms are spacious ornate and contain a large collection of fine pictures. A splendid terrace stretches along the principal front; and it is on the first floor above this terrace, in rooms commanding a glorious view that the Czar and Czarina are lodged. The most remarkable apartment in the palace is the cupola hall, which is eighty feet high, and surrounded by a gallery. It is here that the grand banquets take place. By all accounts the Czar is never so cheery and so free from the cares of Czardom as here, yet he works very hard even in his holiday; and twice-a-week comes the courier from St. Petersburg. Surely His Majesty must think that a King of little Denmark has a happier time of it than the Emperor of All the Russias.



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Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful **Female Regulator known** The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. **Take no other kind.** Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price.
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Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.
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It is no Iodine smear. Cure made Permanent.
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Information Wanted

We Shall abide by the Verdict of the People

As to Whether We Should or Should Not Submit To the Restrictions of the Combines.

We respectfully solicit your opinion, and ask for your answer to the following questions:

1. Do combines operate in the interest of the people?

2. Is the existence of middlemen of benefit to consumers?

3. Is it an advantage to the public to have watches described, illustrated and catalogued with prices quoted in plain figures?

We are fighting tremendous odds, and although assured of success, we want to know if the majority endorse our policy?

We will pay for this information, and invite everyone to send us their honest and candid opinion. We cannot expect the public to take up their time with our affairs without some incentive other than the honest desire to champion the dealer whose motto is "Unrestricted Trade," and, therefore, we have decided to offer an additional inducement as follows: We will send by registered mail, postpaid, a Gentleman's 14 Karat Gold Filled Vest Chain, guaranteed to wear equal to solid gold for 10 years, retail price $5, upon receipt of your answers to the above three questions and the nominal sum of $2.

15,000 of these chains will be given away to create an interest with the public in our great fight, Frank S. Taggart & Co. versus the Canadian Association of Jobbers in American Watches.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, Album and Buyers' Guide of 200 pages, containing descriptive engravings and prices of Watches, Jewellery, Diamonds, Silverware, Clocks, Art goods, Gems, Arms, Ammunition, Bicycles and Sporting Requisites, value 50 cents, will be mailed free to everyone answering above questions.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.,
89 King St. West, Toronto. Can.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

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We have decided to try the effect of direct advertising and correspondence, and thus lessen the expense and salaries of travellers, giving their customers the benefit of the saving effected.

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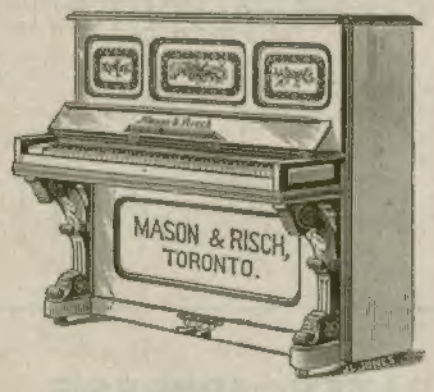

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FACTORY TORONTO JUNCTION

Toronto Feb 2nd, 189 2.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the "Ladies' Pictorial Weekly" to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's Upright Pianos, style D," valued at $350.00 each to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,

Heintzman & Co
per G.L.H.

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Combine in Jewellery.

—o—

For some time past a controversy has been going on in the local papers between the "Canadian Association of Jobbers in American Watches," and Messrs. Frank S. Taggart & Co. The latter firm have been able to buy goods from the manufacturers direct, and at a reduced cost, instead of buying through the Association, and by thus saving the Association's profit, are enabled to sell at prices far below the ordinary ones. The Association have stated that Mr. Taggart was trying to take an unfair advantage of the public. Mr. Taggart denies this and has had a very elaborate catalogue printed, and invites comparison between the prices in his catalogue and in the catalogue of the Association. The *Trader*, a commercial paper devoting a good deal of space to the jewellery business, bears out Mr. Taggart's contention and admits in a recent editorial that he is selling cheaper than anyone else. Combines are not at all popular in this country, and we are always pleased when an independent merchant is able to get ahead of them, and feel sure that our readers will be glad to hear of a case of this sort. Any of our readers who wish to purchase jewellery should give this firm a call, and Messrs. Taggart will be glad to mail, free of cost, to any reader who mentions the LADIES' PICTORIAL, a copy of the splendid catalogue mentioned above, so that they can compare for themselves, his prices with competing firms.

IRATE CUSTOMER (in a restaurant)—"I've been waiting here half an hour." Hibernian Waiter.—"Half an hour! Begor! I've been waiting here two years."

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c.; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, Embroidery Silk, 20c. Sheet of Crazy stitches and 32 p. Cat. of Fancy Work with every order. Canada Currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 897, St. Louis, Mo. It

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REGISTERED.

The universally popular new Smelling Salts of the Crown Perfumery Co. A refreshment to the invalid, a delightful deodorizer, a luxury for all.

By leaving the stopper out a short time the air of the apartment will be invigorated and refreshed.—Le Follet.

Always and only in emerald glass bottles, with the well-known Crown Stopper. Reject spurious imitations which cause disappointment to the purchaser. Sold everywhere. Made only by the

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

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Express Paid to any Express Office in the Province on parcels of $10.00 and over.

Letter Orders receive careful attention.

Hollinrake, Son & Co.

Perfumery Manufacture for Women.

—o—

A practical chemist says that within the last twelve months he has taught perfumery-making to several women, some of whom learned it only for amusement, while others mean to apply it to the purpose of money-making. Women, he says, are beoming much interested on this subject, and are better equipped in every respect than men to to make successful perfumers. One of the most important requisites is a nice sense of smell, which is possessed by the majority of women, as their olfactories have not been dulled by smoking. Women, as a rule, love flowers, and are fitted for the delicate manipulations required in the work, five-sixteenth of a drop too much or too little often materially changing the odor. The field is a wide one, for pure cooking extracts are difficult to obtain, and the making of them also offers a chance for the enterprising woman. A point on which the chemist dwells particularly is that the work can be carried on in a parlor as easily as in a laboratory, as it requires little space, and is exquisitely clean.

Origin of Measurements.

—o—

Our measures of length originated in the dawn of civilization, and came to us through the Anglo-Saxons. The yard was originally the length of a king's arm; the foot, the length of his pedal extremities. The word inch is derived from the Latin uncia, a twelfth part; but why the foot was divided into twelfths, instead of tenths or elevenths, no one claims to be wise enough to tell. It has been suggested that probably the inch was originally the length of the second joint of the forefinger, and that twelve of these equal the length of the forearm, which averages about one foot in length.

The inch used to be divided into three "barleycorns," which were simply the length of the grain or "corn" of the barley. The "mile" was reckoned at one thousand paces as its name showr, for it is derived from the first word of Latin phrase mallia passuum, "a thousand paces." The origin of the "rod" is doubtful.

NEW BARBER—"Excuse me, sir; have you got your mug here?"

MR. MULLIGAN—"Yis; roight in this chair on top av me neck."

PRIZE HISTORY COMPETITON

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate, our price of which is $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairnes or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner must secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and every winner of a leading prize must renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. Address LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W, Toronto, Can

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THEATRICAL ITEM.

"Going on the stage!" exclaimed Esmeralda Longcoffin; why Sarah you have no talent."

Sarah Peterby; "I don't need any."

Esmeralda: "But your figure is not very well adapted for the stage."

"That doesn't make any difference. I'll score a great success."

"But Sarah you haven't got a pretty face."

"That makes no difference. I'll succeed all the same as if I did."

"But how?"

"The threatrical critic of the Daily Slopover owes my mother for six months' washing, and as long as I'm solid with the press I'm all right."

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These instruments have been before the public for nearly forty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE,

We also beg to announce to the musical public that we have just taken the Agency for the

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Elegant Envelope Sachets (4¾ x 3¾ inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

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C. STEADMAN FIEROE'S PATTERN PARLORS,
TO No. 8 KING E., (over Ellis Jeweller Store.)
Take elevator. Point and Honiton Lace Braid. Send for price list. Butterick's Patterns, spring and summer Metropolitan on hand. Knife Pleating done while you wait. MISS K. BARBER, the Dressmaker. 10-4t
Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
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WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME, a complete house-wife's guide," by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.
Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.